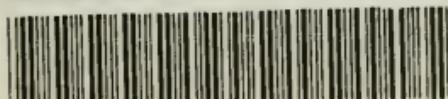


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THE

HARP OF ISRAEL, TO MEET THE LOUD ECHO IN THE WILDS OF AMERICA.

BY HARRIET LIVERMORE,

"A MOURNING PILGRIM,

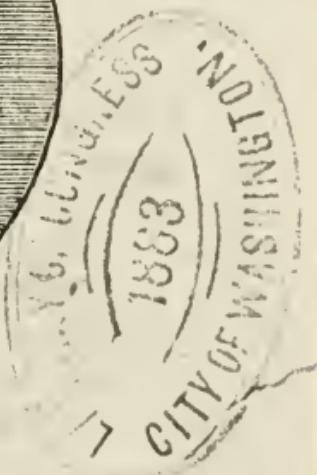
BOUND TO THE PROMISED LAND.

"Save us, O God, by thy Name; and judge us by thy strength."



Philadelphia:
Printed for the Authoress,
By J. Rakestraw.

1835.



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Entered according to the act of Congress, in the year 1835,
Harriet Livermore, in the clerk's office of the district court
of eastern district of Pennsylvania.

To Mr. ELIAS BOUDINOTT.

My respected friend,

I take the liberty to address a letter to you in this manner, desiring to interest your Christian feelings in favor of the simple Hymns now presented to the Cherokee nation, and Indians every where, by a devoted friend to the Lord's outcasts, in the wilds of North America. Apologies are not requisite; as the Aboriginal character is established on the score of gratefully receiving attentions, which manifest respectful interest in their welfare; especially when offered by such persons as possess a share of confidence in the Indian's breast. For the latter, I put in my humble claim, knowing, that in the view of heaven, I deserve it. The Searcher of hearts, the Omniscient, always present Jehovah, whose *“eye-lids try the children of men,” understands my unreserved attachment to his mournful outcast, “the wife of youth,” long refused by her God, by angels, and by man. Yea, the Maker of us all doth know, that I left these States in 1832, to seek for the poor sheep in the wilderness; and from a heart aching with sympathy for wrongs and sorrows which I could not remedy, to pour the tributary stream of pity and affection, on the altar of prayer to the Indian's God, saying, “Arise, and come—and save us!”— My Heavenly Father saw me, urging my way to

* Psalm xi. 4.

the west, undismayed by Cholera, sand-bars, or floating timbers, by officers, soldiers, agents, traders, commissioners, or the devil. Through my whole course, I experienced the good of that sweet declaration of the royal Psalmist, "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him;*" for he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust." My sincerity engaged his justice—my weakness his tender compassion. He saw me alone. Other females were in company with a husband, or a father, or a brother, or in charge of a Missionary, and a member of his family. All who have gone to the Indians, professedly to teach, have a name among some sect or other, denominated Christian, except the pilgrim who addresses you in this letter.† I am *conscientiously* solitary, in every particular named in this letter, the names of father and brother, only excepted, at this day. When I left Washington in 1832, I had a father and a brother, living upon this earth. They knew my determination. They knew they had no right to interfere in the matter; and they understood my character. I was then, I am now, resolved to say, "living and dying, I am the Lord's."

I was protected by Heaven, my respected friend, in a series of travels, amounting to six thousand miles; for I looked upward, and trusted only in Jesus, my Redeemer, my God.

It is unnecessary for me to give a statement

* Psalm ciii. 13, 14.

† It is true, I dare not be connected with any denomination. And in every other way, I am sacredly separate unto God.

on this sheet, concerning my return to the States. You received it from my lips, at Washington, in 1834. It is probable the world may have an opportunity of seeing it, as I shall publish my narrative, "if the Lord will;" and the Judgment day will declare it; for it is written, "God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil."

As I have remarked before, that my sincerity toward the Aboriginal inheritors of this country, is deserving of their confidence, I shall now observe, that few, very few, alas! even of the tribes I have seen, may have any true knowledge of the same, until we meet in that grand revolution of God, where "the Light of Israel shall be for a fire," and his Holy One for a flame, and the kingdom shall be the Lord's."

I present my Hymns, however, as a testimony of immortal and eternal friendship, for the afflicted red men, to whom I would say,

Your "heaven whispered story" blends
 With every sign I see;
 'Tis plain, Jehovah's means and ends,
 Now mark poor Job, and all his friends,
 As sufferers in the evil day.

I hope you will be induced by a measure of the same Spirit, that I believe has led me to publish these Hymns for your people, to introduce them to the notice of every Indian you may see, who can read them. O! could I realize, that the murmuring breeze of the forests in Missouri, would mingle with my simple songs, repeated by the Christian

Kickapoo, or Potawattamie Indians, in their sorrowful days, my praises to God should ascend on the wings of the morning, on the cloud of the evening, in strains of adoring gratitude, that he permitted me to write them. But, alas! I fear this joy may never be mine. Those tribes know not the white man's language.

When I had the pleasure of seeing you at Washington, I anticipated a speedy and eternal departure from this continent. To this time, I am the subject of disappointment. All my arduous and resolute attempts to quit America, have hitherto been defeated. Hope, is, however, still quick to comfort my orphan heart, with prospects that fix their location on May, 1836; and I really encourage myself from hour to hour, with the idea, that the breezes which fan the blossoms of that month, will swell the sails of a ship, that bears me away, forever away, and far, far away, from the land, or from the shores of the land, where my infancy wept.

From afflictions I do not expect to escape, go where I may, in this body. No. This earthly tabernacle can claim no inheritance in Eden. It is "dead because of sin;" but glory and praise to God, its tenant is life, because of righteousness, the righteousness of Christ. So far from a disposition to avoid the sufferings of the present day, am I placed by the principles implanted in my soul, that I just go forward to meet my lot, which, I fervently hope, is martyrdom at last, in Jerusalem, the ancient city of God, for the name-sake

and for the testimony of Jesus, our Saviour and our Lord.

Upon this theme, the words probability—possibility, &c. may be annexed to the decision of the unbelieving lord in Samaria, as often as it is mentioned ; to which my reply is ever ready, “with God nothing shall be impossible.” I cheerfully submit my whole destiny, to the righteous will of my Redeemer, the Sovereign of the ages to come ; and I know no fear but the fear of the Lord.

The present state of things, I view as preparative to a sudden and universal Revolution through the whole extent of this spacious globe, which becomes necessary to the support of the Name above every Name, and of the throne of grace—to man !—Worlds invisible, that is, the spiritual worlds, have hosts of agents on both sides the question, truth—and the LIE. And I believe they are approaching to the conflict, named in Holy Scripture, “the battle of that Great Day of GOD Almighty,” in which victory is given to Jesus Christ, his elect angels and people. These invisible agents influence the visible creation of animal character, both of man and brute ; and as there are far more men on the wrong side than on the right, of course the spiritual sway is subject to Satan, whose wrath against truth inflames to the acme, or high water mark of violence in the earth, because of the short time. Satan knows he is the Prince of this world ; (the age that now is) and of none beyond it. No marvel, that the prospect now in sight, is very awful to the Prince of darkness,

even his imprisonment in the bottomless pit ;* and likewise the desolation of his base kingdoms. He therefore roars louder and stronger, in the bravado spirit of a rebel, against a power which he is aware can never be destroyed ; for his confession to Christ, "I know thee who thou art," &c. is recollectcd with his question to the Saviour, "ART THOU COME HITHER to torment us, before the time ?

It is our lot, my respected friend, to witness the scenes, which are preparative to the overthrow of Satan and his hosts ; and we must calculate upon sufferings, and nothing else, through the short time of his great wrath and power. Let us, then, constantly pray for strength to endure his temptations, which come to us secondarily, and through his subjects, or immediately from himself, as a spirit that can throw fiery darts into our souls ; but it is not able to destroy, while we are trying to watch and pray, as commanded by the Lord.

I entreat of you (I would say the same to every Indian upon the earth if I could) to rejoice in your tribulations ; for depend on this word, they are a distinguished branch of "Jacob's trouble," yea, an important hour of that time of his woes, out of which he shall be saved. See the prophecy of Jeremiah. Perhaps you may say "this is an hard saying"—It seems so, to be sure, in the present

* By this I understand that Satan's influence is so to be circumscribed, that he can neither tempt nor distress any object or being within the compass of the millennial earth, during the lapse of 1000 years.

condition of things ; yet, even upon the principles of human philosophy, I might urge you to glory over Satan, whose fall is Jacob's rise, whose destruction is Israel's glory ; for your present troubles, O ! ye nations of Ephraim, will result in the splendid exhibition of all the tribes of Israel, upon the mountain of blessing, and in the city of God, to shout the everlasting praise of God and the Lamb.

The red men are not alone, in the regions of trouble, at this eventful period. We can hear of no nation of people, on the face of the whole earth, that are at ease. Revolutions are increasing, bringing forth wind and tempest, effecting no permanent deliverance from evil ; but merely changing the shape thereof. Every system adopted by man, has hitherto been treated like a child's rattle, after a while cast off for something new ; and as the wheels of worldly governments go round, changes are continually taking place ; and God will not suffer them to be otherwise, because they are not subservient to his glory, nor productive of good to his people.

There is a two-fold mystery ; Godliness and Iniquity. Of the former, Paul said it was great in the manifestation of God in flesh ; and of course the latter cannot be small, since the apostle declared its work elicited in "all power," and "lying wonders." The latter, however, is an usurpation, suffered to take place ; and as it is beyond the power of faith to apprehend the exact and particular construction of the great will of God, she wisely lets down her wings before his mercy

seat, and adores the yet unknown decrees of perfect Deity. I do really think, my respected friend, that the Indians may congratulate themselves, that their redemption is near. The iniquity of all nations is about full ; and so is the red man's cup of woe. However, at all hazards, trust in God. This is safe ; for so his holy word expressly declares. His power is infinite, because he is the Great Existence, in whom alone there is infinity ; and he is the beginning and the ending, who is called our Saviour ; so that it is folly to fear what men or devils can do to us. If Satan is strong, God is STRENGTH, if Satan is wise, GOD IS WISDOM— if Satan is mighty, God is THE ALMIGHTY. In knowledge, in power, in majesty, in glory, in wisdom, strength, and goodness, our God is infinite. Then let us trust in him, let us fear him ; and say, “if God be for us, who shall be against us?” “Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God’s elect?” Shall Satan, through man? Nay ; It is God that justifieth ; for Christ hath died !

Yet a little while, and the oppressor, the extortioner, the spoiler, ceaseth to be—in power.— True the sorrowful day is to be very dark. To be sure, terrible is the coming scene. The wrath of Satan against God’s elect—the wrath of God against the enemy—the wrath of man against man!—and all summed up in these words, “The great Day of the wrath of the Lamb!” when the vials of vengeance pour, and the spirit of God flies like a frightened dove, away from the regions of war—of famine and plague—the regions of violence and spoil ! Jeremiah and his fellow seers,

through the telescope of prophecy, beheld the whole world at once, in confusion and dismay.

Let us watch and pray--let us remember Calvary ! Oh ! Calvary ! we will not cease to celebrate thy victory, though the sun retired and left thee dark as night ; yet our Redemer cried, " It is finished ;" and the veil was rent--the saints awoke, the rocks gave way, and hell was in despair !

My own experience is entirely on the side of Cavalry ! The mountains of Zion, Tabor, Moriah and Olivet, are sacred and glorious ; and upon them the golden trumpets will blow in the millennial day ; but Calvary rung with the cry, " It is finished," when Jesus died for me !!! Yea, the blood of Jesus, shed for a propitiatory sacrifice, can take away my sin ; and his Spirit will lead me to rest, even that rest, that Sabbath of which Jesus is the Lord ! My hope is now sealed to the cross, to the tomb, and to the throne of Mercy. I cling to the name of Jesus ; and Antichrist must strike me there or not at all.

I have a variety of perplexities, trials, &c. that goad my feelings, and taste a good deal like wormwood ; but I perceive every one of them are suffered to come upon me as watch-words suited to the hour ; and their tendency is to prevent me from sleeping in time of temptation and increasing danger ; so I have reason to be thankful in the midst of trouble. There is nothing very pleasant to me now, but the name of Jesus, and his salvation. Since I was turned away from the Indians, and returned to the States, I have felt like a captive exile, more than any thing ; and occasionally

bewail the times like Jeremiah, crying “ Woe is me.”—In general, however, I endeavour to cheer myself with the hope I possess in the mercy and grace of God, calling upon his Name, and meditating in his blessed prophetic words, comparing with them the signs of the times, and believing the glorious epiphany, and personal reign of the Lord Jesus Christ very near at hand, when the children of the forest, the Aborigines of America, shall enter their holy rest. But for these views, and the testimony of my conscience, that I was willing to suffer in the wilderness with the Indians, my sorrows would be insupportable. Indeed, as it is, I dare not look down upon earth at all ; but away to Calvary, and upward to Jesus, &c. Farewell, my respected friend—May Divine Grace support you, and the God of Israel save you from desponding in the dark and cloudy day. With devoted regard, I am your servant in the Lord,

HARRIET LIVERMORE.

Philadelphia, Oct. 5th, A. D. 1835.

4.

Why are the nations discompos'd,
 And mad for power and gain?
 Is foul perdition's Son disclosed,
 "The Beast"—"The man of sin?"

5.

Is Armageddon soon to be
 The battle ground of hell?
 This world become Aceldema?
 Ye pious watchmen tell!

6.

Give to the trump a certain sound,
 "What of this lowering night,"
 The literal Scriptures be your bound,
 And preach with all your might.

How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob; and thy tabernacles,
 O Israel.—Nunn.

1.

Behold! the day is hastening on,
 In prophecy foretold;
 When God to Israel shall become,
 Protector, as of old.

Chorus—HALLELUJAH! let the red men cry,
 Our Shiloh rideth on the sky.

2.

To Canaan's land the tribes He'll bring,
 And build them as at first ;
 In peaceful tents they'll shout and sing,
 The praises of the just.

Hallelujah, &c.

3.

Gentiles shall see their prosperous state,
 And own their heirship true ;
 Nor dare to envy Jacob's fate,
 But own 'tis Israel's due :

Hallelujah, &c.

4.

For unto him, and to his sons,
 A nobler King is given,
 Than Agag in his lofty domes ;
 JESUS ! the Lord of Heaven.

Hallelujah, &c.

5.

Ah ! how majestic are thy tents,
 And tabernacles too ;
 Spread forth in vales, where flowery scents,
 And lofty cedars grow—

Hallelujah, &c.

(19)

6.

Like gardens by the river's side,
 Planted by God's right hand ;
 So Israel shall in peace abide,
 On Canaan's happy land.

Hallelujah, &c.

7.

Blessed are they who Israel love,
 And weep for Joseph's woe ;
 But curst are all by God above,
 Who after Balak go.

Hallelujah, &c.

Joshua, Fifth Chap.....	Revelations.
Seven Priests.....	Seven Angels.
Seven Trumpets.....	Seven Trumpets.
Seven Times.....	Seven Ages.

1.

Was ancient Jericho a type ? O ! search
 The book and read,
 The Old and New completely mate,
 And both to truth will lead.

2.

A valiant man, the son of Nun,
 From God received the word,

That cursed city shall come down,
Felled by Jehovah's sword.

3.

Go round about its heavy wall,
Six days from morn till night,
And on the seventh it shall fall,
Declares the God of might.

4.

Let seven priests, with trumpets seven,
Precede the Ark of God ;
With ardor blow, the word is given,
Pass on before the Lord.

5.

Then Joshua unto Israel said,
Let not your voices raise
A shout, till I shall give command
To shout Jehovah's praise.

6.

On the first day the solemn march
Continued every hour ;
The second once, and thus till six
Were closed : when lo ! the power

7.

That severed Jordan's flowing stream,
From every salted wave

THE
HARP OF ISRAEL.

FOR CHRISTIAN INDIANS.

Rest in the Lord ; and wait patiently for him.—Psalm xxxvii. 7.

1.

“ Rest in the Lord :” O sweet command ;
And patient wait till he shall come,
To summon us to Canaan’s land,
And welcome outcast Israel home.

2.

In patient hope we will endure,
All the remains of bitter woe,
And our election to ensure,
We’ll watch, and after JESUS go.

3.

In faith our ceaseless prayers shall rise
To Israel’s Saviour, Shepherd, Friend ;
That he will watch us from the skies,
Till all our tribulations end.

4.

The days he'll shorten for our sake ;
 Our groans assail his pity's ear :
 He'll save us for his mercy's sake,
 In Zion's sacred jub'lee year.

Watchman, what of the night ?—Isaiah xxi. 11.

1.

From east and west, from south to north,
 Portending signs appear ;
 Pestilence, war, famine and drowth,
 Put tender souls in fear.

2.

They oft inquire “ What of the night ? ”
 O, that the truth we knew ;
 Ye watchmen cry with all your might,
 Whose counsels we pursue.

3.

Tell us why pestilences march
 Around the earth, and slay
 The weak and strong, the blooming youth,
 And infants of a day ?

Spoke in the last, the seventh blast,
And Israel's leader gave

8.

Command to shout, the people joined,
The seventh mighty voice,.....
The city walls embraced the ground,
And Israel's host rejoice.

9.

Then Joshua declared plain,
That city ne'er should rise,
No corner stone be laid again--
He that attempts it, dies.

10.

And God was with the son of Nun,
Whose fame was spread abroad
Through all the world, or far as known
Was Israel, and his God.

11.

I ask : Is not the antitype
Of all this wondrous scene,
In JESUS' Revelations writ,
With sure prophetic pen ?

12.

O happy they who read with care,
And blest who keep the word

Of JESUS, and with ceaseless prayer
Address the throne of God.

— as Prince of the Lord's host am I now come.—Joshua v. 14.

1.

The Children of Israel, by Joshua led,
Passed safe over Jordan, and entered the land,
That was promised by oath of Jehovah their God,
To Abraham's seed, and his counsel must stand.

2.

Therefore Joshua and Caleb were saved alive,
Two circumcised nobles of Israel's host ;
The thousands that died, they by holiness survive,
That forest-born children might reach Canaan's
coast.

3.

On Jericho's plains they were safely encamped,
And to Joshua the God of his fathers proclaimed
That justice and truth be forever enstamped,
On the covenant soil that's for glory ordained.

4.

For Canaan's fair land is ordained to be,
A rest for the Ark, and the church of the Lord,
And 'twas honored by Shiloh in Joshua's day,
Who beheld him as captain, with victory's sword.

5.

Ah ! surely the scene was a type of that day,
 Reported by Jesus, the Light of the world,
 When descending in clouds his imperial sway,
 Shall announce him a* Banner, o'er Zion unfurled.

6.

As "the Man" he will stand on the hallowed mount,
 With the two-edged sword in his powerful hand ;
 And as God, he the infidel armies will rout,
 That pretend they will reign on Immanuel's land.

7.

Behold I now come as the Prince of a host,
 That shall fight for my people, my city, my throne,
 And the cruel wild Beast in the lake shall be tost,
 Who usurped the place of the Holy three One.

8.

Now do any inquire how long it shall be,
 E'er Emanuel shouts, " I am come for to reign ;"
 I point them, my Lord, to thy Word, and to thee—
 Let them search—let them pray—quickly come—
 Lord—Amen.

* Jehovah-Nissi.—Exodus xvii. 15.

In his days shall the righteous flourish.—Psalm lxii. 7.

1.

Millennium ! O glorious scene !
 Messiah's peaceful, holy reign ;
 When all the subjects of his grace,
 Enjoy the smiles of Jesus' face :
 In glory's course the righteous glow
 With love to Calvary as they bow,
 Before the King on David's throne,
 And cry " All hail," sweet Mary's Son.

2.

Millennium ! the days are near,
 When wicked ones shall quake with fear,
 And in consuming fires wail
 That they did Joseph's peace assail :
 For lo ! their sable king is bound,
 Forbid to tread on Jacob's ground ;
 Thro' all the lapse of Shiloh's days,
 While red men chaunt his wondrous praise.

3.

Millennium ! where virtue shines
 In all the life of Gospel lines,
 When no opposing powers plan,
 To overthrow a righteous man ;
 No slander or invectives rude,
 Pursue to wound, the wise and good ;

Nor covetous professors dare
Among the righteous to appear.

4.

Hail ! days of holy, heavenly rest !
Where pious Indians are blest,
And flourish in their tents of peace,
Possessed of plenteous blessed ease.
O ! come, my Saviour's promis'd days,
Rise, shine, thou sun, with cloudless rays :
Come, Jesus ! Israel's Shiloh, come,
And gather all thy red men home.

Psalm cvi. 4, & 5.

1.

May such a worthless worm as I,
Echo the pious Psalmist's cry
To Israel's jealous God ?
And pray thee for thy mercy's sake,
Me as a subject thou wilt take,
Into thy Kingdom, Lord !

2.

I dare not ask but for a crumb,
And that denied I must be dumb,
Nor murmur or repine ;

But I can never cease to pray,
 While grace prolongs probation's day :
 O write my name with thine !

3.

That in the covenant of grace,
 So sure to Jacob's favored race,
 I may remembered be ;
 And in the glory have a share,
 Engaged to Abra'am's promis'd heir,
 By sacred oath from thee !

4.

O, visit me, Redeemer, Lord,
 And clothe me with thy powerful word ;
 That rooted in thy name,
 I may withstand the evil day,
 Of Jacob's seventh grief, and say,
 All praise to Israel's Lamb !

5.

O ! let me see thy chosen meet,
 Ephraim and Judah at thy feet,
 Rejoicing in thy love ;
 No more dispersed, or outcasts sad,
 Judah shall shout, red men be glad,
 And seraphs chaunt above ;

6.

Glory to Israel's mighty One,
He sits on David's ancient throne ;

Glory to God on high ;
Now peace and love on earth are found,
Sweetest felicities abound,
Through Him, who once did die !

Acts iii. 21....."Times of restitution."

1.

Will JESUS come again ?
And restitution make ?
My spirit cries, Amen,
Come, and thy kingdom take :
Teach us, O Lord, the times to know,
Delusions shun, and 'scape the woe !

2.

The writings of the seers,
Are oracles of God ;
They speak of days as years,
According to his word,
And none can fail, or miss its mate,
But on his sovereign will they wait.

3.

And what will thou restore,
 At thy return to earth ?
 Shall Israel's ancient choir,
 Revive to second birth ?
 Shall David's tabernacle rise,
 A temple for the just and wise ?

4.

Shall old Jerusalem,
 Now desolate and low,
 Appear in state again,
 And to the nations show
 Her lofty towers, and temple fair,
 Her gates inscribed "the Lord is there?"

5.

Shall Joseph's banish'd seed
 To Zion come again ?
 From want and misery freed,
 By Israel's paschal Lamb ?
 Poor outcasts, wanderers, scattered, peeled,
 Shall they to holiness be sealed ?

SECOND PART.

1.

Thus saith Jehovah, hear,
 O people of my choice,

My Glory shall appear,
 And Jacob's sons rejoice,
 For I will restitution make,
 For Abraham, my servant's sake.

2.

My halting one I'll bring....
 Judah " shall rule with God,"
 And David's house within,
 Be strong like Christ his Lord :
 His tabernacle sure shall rise,
 Declares the God of earth and skies.

3.

My outcast I will save,
 Ephraim's " my eldest born ;
 Behold I ope his grave,
 In fair millennium's morn ;
 For he's the strength of Shiloh's head,
 And Ephraim is to Israel wed.

4.

Manasseh—" little one,"
 Is mine, and Gilead too,
 On him the glorious Sun
 Shall rise and shine anew ;
 I'll bring him from the forest drear,
 In Zion's sacred jub'lee year.

5.

Meantime the heavens I'll shake,
 The sun shall hide his face,
 The frightened earth shall quake,
 The mountains leave their place,
 The stars shall fall, the silvery moon
 To blood in the convulsion turn.

6.

Through all the wreck I'll bring,
 Salem, my ancient place,
 It shall be built again,
 And stand secure by grace—
 The centre of this earth restored,
 And chosen city of the Lord.

THIRD PART.

1.

Nor Palestine alone,
 And Jacob's sons are blest,
 But JESUS, Holy One !
 Will give creation rest ;
 The earth be filled with peace and joy,
 No more harass'd by sin's alloy.

2.

Gentiles shall have their part,
 In the Restorer's reign,

Nor feel the dire smart,
 Of death or sickening pain ;
 At Salem's altar they shall bend,
 And worship CHRIST their heavenly friend.

3.

The lion's dreadful roar,
 The wolf's tremendous howl,
 Distress and fright no more,
 A trembling human soul ;
 But with the harmless ox they eat,
 And dust shall be the serpent's meat.

4.

O blessed happy times
 Of restitution, come,
 By faith the prospect shines,
 To every humble one ;
 Of Gentile birth, or Jewish race,
 That feel the power of Gospel grace.

5.

On JESUS I will call,
 His high command obey,
 For he'll deliver all
 Who always watch and pray :
 He'll save me in temptation's hour,
 And I shall prove redemption's power.

6.

All glory, honor, praise,
 And worship are his due,
 Ancient of endless days,
 Man, and Jehovah too :
 He comes in person to redeem
 Earth, men and beasts :—Amen, Amen.

Thou breakest the *heads of the dragons in the waters.
 Thou breakest the heads of †Leviathan in pieces. Ps. lxxiv. 13, 14.

1.

Almighty Power ! my soul adores
 Thy sovereign might, thy vengeful stroke,
 That sunk to ruin Israel's foes,
 In foaming waters, dragons broke.

2.

Bold, heaven-daring man may vaunt,
 A moment brief, what he will do ;
 But all his power must droop and faint,
 If God, “in vengeance drest,” pursue.

3.

What haughty tyrant, e'er repelled
 Jehovah's sharp and glittering sword ?

* Infidel Despots.

† The Man of sin—the wild Beast.

What king or warrior ever held
Successful war against the Lord ?

4.

Egypt assayed the awful deed ;
Her king despised Jehovah's word,
But Egypt's doom was quickly sealed,
Broke in the sea by vengeance' rod.

5.

Assyria, proud Assyria, too,
Scornful and vain, pressed reckless on,
To meet destruction by the foe
Of tyrants—God the Holy One.

6.

And Chaldea's boast—proud Babylon,
Sank in disgrace as sunk in sin ;
With wealthy Tyre and bloody Rome,
Opposed Jehovah's word in vain.

7.

Again shall nations feel his ire,
When kings in infidel despite,
Against the name of Christ conspire,
And challenge JESUS to the fight.

8.

Loud may they roar—“ now let us rend
The bands of lofty Deity,

His praying servants quickly send
To shades of death, and we'll be free."

9.

Ah ! then the Mighty God awakes
His work of vengeance to perform ;
With iron rod the dragon breaks,
In unbelief's tumultuous foam.

10.

Awful the hour to Zion's foes !
Better they ne'er had seen the light,
Than scorn the grace that freely flows
To bear our race to realms of light.



Isaiah lii. 6, 10.

1.

Delightful thought ! the day is nigh,
When Shiloh shall again appear,
And shout from mountain tops, " 'tis I,"
Mine Israel need no longer fear.

2.

Yes, in that day the church shall know,
That JESUS speaks from Olives' hill,
Before her, Christ, the Lamb will go,
His feet--how strong--how beautiful.

3.

Once they were feeble, weary, worn,
 Once they were nailed to the cross,
 But now to burning brass they turn,
 Strong upon Olives' dewy moss.

4.

He publisheth eternal peace,
 The nations his salvation see,
 Of Zion's God, the God of grace,
 And shout the glorious jubilee.

5.

The watchmen lift their voice, as one
 United praises, hail the day,
 Of favored Zion's safe return
 To God the Life--the Truth--the Way.

6.

Jerusalem is now redeemed,
 Her wastes and ruins can rejoice,
 That David's God and Son hath screened
 The city of his ancient choice.



“For the Great day of his wrath is come.”

1.

Great and greatly to be praised,
 Is the God of Israel's host,

Kings before him are amazed !
 All their power and pomp are lost :
 See them tremble, quake and fall,
 Calling on the rocks to hide
 Them—their armies, great and small,
 From the Lamb, they have denied.

2.

But in vain the rebels cry :
 Rocks and mountains melt in flame,
 Kindled by the piercing eye
 Of the injured, wrathful Lamb.
 Hear his voice, like thunder roll !
 Gentiles now your times are o'er,
 You have grieved my righteous soul,
 Grace shall follow you no more.

3.

While my heritage lay waste,
 On the Gentile world I poured,
 Mercy free, and Gospel grace,
 But you would not serve the Lord.
 Long I've borne your evil ways,
 And refrained my dire storm,
 Vengeance now your guilt repays,
 Judgment must his work perform.

4.

Paul did warn you of this hour,
 If my goodness you forsook,
 Bid you stand in Gospel power,
 Nor by unbelief provoke :
 Spoke of my severe decree
 On his brethren, God's elect,
 Bid you in their destiny,
 Read the doom you might expect.

Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord ;
 awake, as in the ancient days, in the generations of old.
 —Isaiah li. 9.

1.

Thus Judah's royal prophet sang,
 Inspired by Israel's God,
 The lofty strain by faith he rang,
 And called th' Eternal Word :
 Awake, awake, O arm divine,
 Thy sovereign strength put on,
 As in the days, the ancient time,
 Thou Holy, Holy One !

2.

Didst thou not dry the foaming sea,
 And make the depths a way,

For ransomed sons from Egypt free,
 In haughty Pharaoh's day ?
 Did not thy mighty power still,
 The dragon's hellish roar,
 With Egypt's dead the waters fill,
 Like lead to rise no more ?

3.

Again, awake, O powerful arm,
 To holy battle come,
 And Zion's haughty foes disarm,
 Quickly, thou **HOLY ONE !**
 Then shall the Lord's redeemed return,
 To Zion with delight ;
 Thy children cease to sigh and mourn,
 Will live in Jesus' sight.



Isaiah li. 17—23. To be sung at the great battle by the witnesses—see Zech. xiv. 1.

1.

Awake, Jerusalem, and stand
 Before the God of might and power,
 For thou, at his avenging hand,
 Hath drained the cup, his wrath did pour.

2.

Thy sons have fainted 'neath the load,
 And at the head of every street,
 Lie full of the rebuke of God,
 And toss like bulls in fury's net.

3.

Therefore, now hear, afflicted one,
 Drunken, but not with mirthful wine,
 Thus saith the Lord, to thee I come,
 To plead thy cause with power divine.

4.

Behold I've taken from thy hand,
 The cup of trembling, filled with wrath ;
 No more forever shall thy land
 Drink of the curse, Jehovah saith.

5.

But I have filled a mingled cup,
 For Zion's haughty impious foes,
 Who said, bow down and we'll go up,
 The God of Israel, we oppose.

6.

I'll force the vial of my woe
 Upon blaspheming lips to stay ;
 And all the wicked then shall know,
 I am the God of Calvary.

Let me go ; for the day breaketh.—Gen. xxxii. 26.

1.

On the mount of Galeed a patriarch prayed,
In the night of his trouble and fear ;
"Twas the battle of faith, and the mourner pre-
vailed ;
But his conflict and grief were severe.

2.

Deep called unto deep, as the suppliant strove,
And the night breezes echoed his cries ;
" Let me go," said his Lord, it is time I remove,
For the morning appears in the skies.

3.

Ah ! then what assurance of faith was supplied,
And power with Abraham's Lord ;
" I'll not let thee go," whatever betide,
Till I'm blest with the life-giving word.

4.

This ardor of faith sealed the tear sprinkled prayer,
It prevailed with the Holy and True,
And Jacob then heard his Redeemer declare,
What faith in his body can do.

5.

As a prince thou prevailest with God and with men,
By a name shall thy blessing be known ;—

'Tis Israel—and angels shall all cry amen,
As they bow and adore at my throne.

6.

O ! wonderful mercy, and marvellous grace !
Far more than e'en faith had deserved,
I have seen cries the pilgrim, my God face to face,
He hath blest me--my life is preserved.



The day breaketh.—Gen. xxxii. 26.

1.

What day ? mysterious traveller
Is breaking in the east ?
O ! tell me, lest I wander
And fail of holy rest !
Is it the morn of glory,
When Israel's sun shall rise ?
And long dispersed Juda,
Will call Thee from the skies ?

2.

Hark ! O ! my soul, his answer,
The word like thunder peals ;
Go search the Holy Scripture,
I've broke their mystic seals :
And blest are they who study
The sure prophetic word,

Which celebrates my Glory,
And Israel's reign with God !

3.

'Tis ushered in by judgment,
For my abused grace,
Demands a righteous settlement,
With a rebellious race ;
That scorn both Law and Gospel,
To keep and to obey,
Their eyes are clos'd by sins dark spell,
They turn from truth away.

4.

Like Noah's dove my spirit
Shall take a distant flight,
Mankind will then inherit,
The terrors of a night—
More terrible than Egypt,
When her first-born were slain,
Because it is the recompense
Of spite to Christ the Lamb !

5.

For that awakes my ire,
To execute decrees ;
I'm a consuming fire,
To Jesus' enemies :

I'll spare not Jew or Gentile,
 Who still persist in sin,
 But on the faithful rests my smile,
 And victory they shall win.

6.

For when the cloud is bursting
 Upon a frightened world ;
 The cup of fury's pouring,
 And fiery hail-stones hurl'd—
 Among the guilty nations,
 Who dare to mock the bands,
 Of Father, Son, and Spirit,
 I'll spare the truth-washed hands.

7.

The souls who hold my covenant
 In that tremendous hour,
 Although a feeble remnant,
 Shall glorify my power :—
 I'll bring them through the fires,
 I'll guard them through the seas,
 And answer their desires,
 In giving Israel peace.

8.

The meek, the low, the humble,
 Shall call upon the Lord,

In time of Jacob's trouble,
 And kiss his powerful rod.
 But proud and haughty rebels,
 Will have no leave to pray,
 Except to rocks and mountains
 In that tremendous day.

And thou shalt put therein the ark of the testimony, and cover the ark with the veil.—Exodus xl. 3.

1.

Three types of Israel's Shiloh here,
 To Moses, God did show ;
 The tabernacle it is clear,
 God's presence is below.

2.

The Ark is Christ, in whom combine,
 The cedar, and the gold,
 His natures human and divine,
 By faith I now behold.

3.

The Vail that shades the holy ark,
 Is Mary's blessed child,
 To Pharisee, and Scribes 'tis dark,
 To deists vain and wild.

4.

But God the Father owned the Vail,
 In Jordan's flowing tide ;
 And when it rent by death's assail,
 His Name was glorified.

5.

The rent was awful, but it gave
 Back to his Maker's love,
 Man, whom the mystic Vail could save,
 And all the curse remove.

6.

O ! Calvary, thou hallowed place,
 Dear is thy name to me,
 For there by faith I see the face
 Of mercy, rich and free.

7.

I listen while the rending Vail,
 Declares the work is done ;
 Man is redeemed, O ! wondrous tale,
 Immortal life is won.

8.

And lo ! the Vail again appears,
 Complete from Joseph's tomb,
 And Mary's bid to wipe her tears,
 And say, " The Lord is come."

9.

To Heaven on flying clouds 'tis borne,
 The Ark it covers still;
 And waits Millennium's glorious morn
 To stand on Olives' hill.

10.

O ! rapturous thought ! that blissful scene
 Will shortly burst to view,
 And then, without a cloud between,
 I hope my Lord to view.

11.

Great antitype, with glory crowned,
 Blest tabernacle come,
 Ark for the tribes, of old renowned,
 Thine Israel's Vail become.

12.

Then God in Christ will reconcile,
 Zion's dispersed band,
 On Joseph's outcasts Heaven will smile,
 And bring to Canaan's land.

13.

Glory and honor to the name
 Of Jesus Christ the Lord,
 Israel's immortal paschal Lamb,
 The Vail, the Ark, the WORD.

A Song for the church at Jerusalem in 1847.

The winter is past, the rain is over and gone, &c.—Song of Songs ii. 10—12.

1.

Hark ! 'tis Shiloh that calls thee, O Zion ! to rise,
 And fly to the arms of thy Love,
 Thy Redeemer is come, he descends from the skies,
 And he calls thee his undefiled Dove.

2.

How blissful the anthem he chaunts to his spouse,
 “ Come away from all sorrow and fear :
 The rain it is over, and Wintery snows
 Are gone, and the Spring doth appear.”

3.

The sweet rose of Sharon is blooming again,
 Sweet lillies are seen in the vale,
 The birds softly warble the Jubilee strain,
 And the ring-dove renewes her glad tale :

4.

That the hallowed Ark upon Zion is set,
 Surrounded by hosts of the blest ;
 That mercy and truth have there lovingly met,
 For Jehovah hath entered his rest.

5.

Delighted the angels encompass the throne,
 Of Israel's conquering King,
 And shout for the Star that on Bethlehem shone,
 That Judah to JESUS can sing.

6.

The withered fig-tree is blossoming fair,
 "The vines shed their odours around,"
 All nature is joyful, and sorrowful care
 Is unknown on Emanuel's ground.

I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.—Gen. xxxii. 26.

1.

I am thine holy Saviour, I'm bought by thy death!
 Thou art mine, for my soul thou hast bled !
 Oh ! bless me Thou Precious, with heavenly wealth,
 For to earth and its treasures I'm dead !

2.

Let Thee go ? ah I cannot, I hold Thee by faith,
 Let Thee go ? nay, I will not, O Lord ;
 Till the sin of my nature, is come to its death,
 Destroyed by Thy powerful Word !

3.

For sin is the monster that pierced thy pure soul,
 In gloomy Geth-sem-a-ne's vale ;

It caused Thee up Calvary, mournful to toil,
And aloud on the cross to bewail !

4.

Sin pierced thy dear temples, with cruel mock thorn,
Those temples were fairer than Heaven ;
By sin-loving mortals thy body was torn,
Cruel malice and wickedness leaven !

5.

Shall this foe to my JESUS have room in my breast ?
God forbid ! all within me doth cry !
From wrestling with mercy, I never will rest,
Till the indwelling enemy die.

6.

Hope whispers in dulcet, and heaven made sound,
And faith points to Calvary's brow ;
Hope says that her anchor in Jesus is found,
Faith declares I am conqueror now.

7.

Ah ! how can it be that a sinner so vile,
Should thus be admitted to plead,
With God as a man, and believe he doth smile,
And engage to supply all my need.

8.

O ! 'tis marvellous mercy, and infinite grace,
That hath borne with my chattering moan,

t is pity and love that hath fixed my place,
At the foot of Emanuel's throne.

9.

I'll continue my cries while the shadows of night
Are dispersed by thy pardoning voice ;
I'll not let thee go, though the morning bring light,
Till in triumphant love I rejoice.

Psalm cxxxvii. 1.

1.

Far from Salem's lofty towers,
Far away from Shiloh's bowers,
In a heathen tyrant's borders,
 Judah's captive children wept ;
On the banks of flowing Tygrus,
Or by willow-wreathed Euphrates,
“ Zion's harp in sorrow slept.”

2.

Babel's noisy sons molested,
Praying souls their hearts detested,
Whom by fire and sword they wasted,
 Laying Salem's altar low ;
Heathen mock the exiles anguish,
Try their faith in God to vanquish,
Whom they seek to end their woe.

3.

But in vain their foes require,
 Zion's songs and David's lyre,
 For the sacrificial fire,
 Glows within the captives breasts :
 Faithful to the mount of God,
 Where his holy temple stood,
 And Jehovah promise rests.

4.

How shall we raise the melody,
 Or chaunt the sacred symphony,
 While we bear the tyranny,
 Of Shiloh's foe in heathen lands ?
O God ! thou dost not so command us ;
 Behold our harps on willow branches,
 Hung by feeble captive hands.

5.

If we forget thy holy mountain,
 Cease to thirst for Shiloh's fountain,
 Our right hand may lose her cunning,
 And sweep the lyre no more ;
 When the city of Jehovah,
 We shall not in love remember,
 May our power to speak be o'er.

6.

O ! thou sovereign God of Jacob,
 Look upon the dreadful havock
 Made by Edom on thy Isaac,
 Abraham's son, and Shiloh's heir ;
 Bare thine arm, and Babel prostrate
 Drown, in floods the base apostate,
 And thy Glorious name declare !

7.

Blest ! O blest is he that cometh,
 And with fiery hail devoureth,
 Edom, and his pride o'erpowereth,
 In Jerusalem's happy day ;
 Dashing like a potter's vessel,
 Babylon high to lowest hell,
 And his royal sceptre sway.



Unto you that fear my name, &c.—Malachi iv. 2.

1.

What is that name of high renown,
 Thou blessed Messenger of grace,
 On Bethlehem's record is it found,
 Were Mary's arms its resting place ?

2.

JESUS ! that name is Heaven begun,
 'Tis glory's bloom in Eden's bower,
 Saviour ! it reads :—the righteous Sun !
 To faith's perception, life and power !

3.

I clasp it to my trembling heart,
 It charms my griefs with magic spell,
 With every other I can part,
 But Jesus saves from death and hell !

4.

Nor is the title CHRIST, a dread,
 Although in Majesty proclaimed,
 Redemption's first fruits from the dead,
 For David's throne, the King ordained.

5.

And if Jehovah is the Name,
 While on the cross I fix my eye,
 Hope whispers sweet, " Behold the Lamb,"
 And Glory, glory, I reply !

6.

Then what's the Name that martyrs fear,
 Will Jesus condescend to tell ?
 Doth it on vengeance trail appear,
 Yea, soul ! it is EMANUEL !!!

7.

"Tis written on my vest and thigh,
 Close by my glittering two-edged sword ;
 No man can fathom it but I,
 The uncreated—Mighty Lord !

8.

My Revelation will display,
 A Name within the Name without,
 And Heaven in silence owns its sway,
 But ne'er can know nor find it out.

9.

Then blessed they whose spirits fear,
 The holy mystery, Three in One,
 To such I rise, and will appear
 With healing power, the Righteous Sun.

10.

By gospel grace to perfect love,
 Beneath my watchful care they'll grow ;
 And die for me their faith to prove
 Their souls were washed on Calvary's brow.

11.

Holy and true ! I fear thy name,
 But not with dark and slavish dread,
 E-MAN-U-EL the great I AM,
 In thee, with Christ, my life is hid.

12.

And now I wait with strong desire,
 More of this wondrous name to own,
 Within my breast a sacred fire,
 Kindled from judgment's burning throne.

For David is not ascended into the Heavens.—Acts ii. 34.

1.

Of whom did Israel's monarch sing
 As on the harp he sweetly played ?
 The damp dark grave shall not detain
 Thy Holy One among the dead ?

2.

'Twas JESUS, Mary's blessed child,
 Decreed to reign on David's throne ;
 JESUS, the Lamb, the Saviour mild,
 He is the Holy, Holy One !

3.

The grave ! that's never satisfied,
 With victims to its partner cold,
 Heav'd to restore the Crucified,
 And gave up David's Son and Lord !

4.

The Father's holy sabbath day,
 Was hallowed by the equal Son,

And quiet in the tomb he lay,
Till all the sacred hours were flown.

5.

Celestial spirits watch'd the tomb,
And gave the signal for his rise :
Fair Gabriel sat upon the stone,
His robe as snow, like flame his eyes !

6.

And early on that glorious morn,
Two Marys and Salome came,
To weep before that hallowed urn,
Where Joseph laid the lowly Lamb !

7.

Their pallid cheek, the dim wept eye,
The angel saw, and sweetly said,
“ Fear not,” the Lord for whom ye sigh,
Hath left this mansion of the dead.

8.

Go, faithful women, go declare,
To JESUS’ scholars, Peter too,
Their Saviour, their Redeemer dear,
Is risen, more than victor now !

9.

They went ; and faithful Magdalene,
With eager haste returned to seek,

The Lord she loved, who lived again,
 The Christ, the true Melchisedec !

10.

Her flowing tears the Master saw,
 "Woman, why weepest thou?" he said !
 Her name he spake, with pleasing awe
 Mary beheld the crucified !

11.

Then did this faithful woman bend,
 To kiss the nail-pierced, sacred feet ;
 Jesus said nay, I'll not ascend,
 Till I the ten and Peter meet.

12.

Go say to them, the Master lives,
 Whom all forsook and one denied,
 He's risen and their sin forgives :
 Tell them thou saw'st the Crucified !

SECOND PART.

1.

'Twas JESUS that ascended high ;
 JESUS the lovely Son of man ;
 He passed the portals of the sky,
 And sat him down at God's right hand.

2.

O ! mystery great ! the Man ! the God !
 " Together sit—unite as One !"
 Faith cries, Hail Jesus Christ the Lord !
 And bows to worship at his throne.

3.

Now faith and hope and love shall wait
 Till the appointed day arrive,
 When thro' the skies he comes in state,
 And proves that " Joseph is alive."

4.

To death he yielded up the life
 Of flesh and blood, that knew no sin,
 But in the likeness, bore the strife
 That Adam's race might live in him.

5.

All Glory to the risen Man !
 All Glory to the ascended Lord !
 All Glory to the immortal Lamb !
 He'll come again, incarnate Word !

6.

David will play on golden harp,
 And sing a sweet immortal song,
 To Zion's Glory, Israel's Hope,
 JESUS ! the Christ, the Holy One !

..... eternal redemption.—Heb. ix. 12.

1.

Redemption ! O ! the blissful sound,
 For Adam's fallen, helpless race,
 In JESUS Christ the pearl is found,
 A price, which bought us in to Grace !

2.

The Grace of God in Christ is seen,
 And no where else for sinful man ;
 The wall, the tower that lies between
 Hell and our souls, is Judah's Lamb.

3.

Judah's ! alas ! I may not say !
 But God's provided by his love ;
 Confessed by Abraham in his day,
 And worshipped by the hosts above.

4.

Highly exalted is his Name,
 And person too at God's right hand,
 Yet still the sacred scars proclaim,
 He paid to justice God's demand.

5.

Once did he bow his head in death,
 Opprest, abused by cruel fiends,
 To save us from the pit beneath,
 He died ;—and God and man are friends.

6.

O ! may our souls embrace the word
 Redemption ! in its first and last ;
 Sins to forgive, and guilt remove,
 Come red men all, the blessings taste.

Psalm lii. I believe is a description of Anti-Messiah.

1.

Why boastest thou, O mighty man,
 And why such hateful mischiefs plan ?
 'Tis all in vain, for God endures,
 His power the throne to Christ insures.

2.

Thy tongue doth like a razor pass,
 For a short time o'er Jesus' face ;
 Blaspheming truth with malice high,
 And teaching all the world a lie.

3.

In deep deceit thy plans are laid,
 On satan's power thy mind is staid ;
 Bodily, into thee is come,
 The devil, to his short timed home.

4.

Thou sayest " I'm God, and I do sit
 Upon the throne as infinite ; "

In Judah's temple hold the rod,
And say beside me there's no God.

5.

Such truth devouring words are thine,
While like a serpent thou dost shine,
And dazzle with thy hellish pride,
All who do not in Truth abide.

6.

But O ! thy triumphing is short,
The heel of JESUS thou mayest hurt,
May tread his honor in the dust,
Deny his power, proclaim him curst :

7.

But, O thou mighty man of sin,
When Heaven opens, then the King
Rides forth in mighty vengeance drest,
He'll pluck thee from thy dwelling place.

8.

Forever thou shall be destroyed,
Denied a coffin, grave or shroud :
By Jesus cast in liquid flame,
The lake of fire thy pride can tame.

9.

The righteous army then shall say,
Here is the end of human sway ;

How short thy reign, Leviathan,
How sore thy fate, O man of sin.

10.

The bride of Jesus then will see
Her Lord, the Lamb of Calvary,
The Olive tree forever green,
Conqueror of the man of sin.

11.

The church will wait upon his Name,
And bow before the Son of Man;
Who still will praise his Father's grace,
And reign on earth the Prince of peace.

12.

My Indian brothers, O, prepare,
The evil time is drawing near;
And satan's wrath increases fast—
He knows his days are almost past :

13.

Therefore in fury he will blaze,
And try the little ones to maze ;
O ! trust in God's Almighty care,
And always watch to ceaseless prayer.

Mark xi. 25.

1.

"Tis Jesus commands, shall I dare disobey ?
 O, no ! I'll forgive to the last ;
 And when in his Name to the Father I pray,
 I shall hope of his mercy to taste.

2.

Forgive ! yea, and freely, my bitterest foe,
 For then do I imitate God,
 And after my Jesus I joyfully go,
 Who forgave them that nailed him to wood.

3.

I'll forgive, tho' at all times I cannot forget,
 What my poor fellow sinners have done
 "Against my feelings, my person, my fame, or estate,
 I'll forgive, though enlarged be the sum"

4.

Of offences, repeated again and again,
 Seven times in each day as it flies ;
 I'll forgive when I'm praying in Jesus sweet Name,
 And my prayers shall ascend thro' the skies.

5.

At the altar of Mercy in heaven above,
 My petitions accepted shall be ;

And mingled with incense of Jesus' love,
They ascend, O Jehovah, to thee.

6.

How sweet is the promise of Jesus the Lord,
That the Father will answer my prayers,
And pardon my sins for the sake of his Word,
When on mercy I cast all my cares.



Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel, thou that leadest Joseph like
a flock :—Psalm lxxx. 1.

1.

Exalted Majesty ! whose seat
Is shadowed o'er by cherub feet,
And wreathed with wings of gold ;
Shine forth, shine forth, thou fairest One,
And lead poor sorrowing Joseph home,
Thy glory to behold.

2.

See where he roams, an outcast now,
In forests, or on mountain's brow,
A spoil and helpless prey ;
Oppressed, dejected, and forlorn,
His miseries cry, turn, Saviour turn,
And help us, or we die.

3.

Surely thou wilt not hide thy face
From Israel, thine elect by grace,

To whom thy oath was given ;
Thy flock once beautiful and fair,
The object of thy tenderest care,
Whose fathers are in Heaven !

4.

Oh ! no—the sacred Word declares,
That sooner sun, and moon, and stars,
Shall cease their course to run,
Than Israel to oblivion go,
Nor be thy people here below,
When Zion's King shall come.

5.

Thou Shepherd gentle, holy, good,
Faith in thy all-atoning blood,
Inspires ceaseless prayer ;
That thou wilt lead in forests wild,
Thy servant Jacob's favorite child,
And shield him with thy care.

6.

Divided into tribes and bands,
Beyond the wall of Canaan's lands,
How sad the outcast's state ;

Their language broken, lost, confused,
By every nation sore abused,
Ah ! sad, severe their fate.

7.

O ! shine ! thou Shepherd, quickly shine,
Thou star from Jacob, all Divine,
Dispel the clouds of grief,
That cluster round thy weary flock,
Remember Joseph's ancient stock,
And come for his relief.

8.

Convert from sin, and save from woe,
The Osage, Chocktaw, Creek and Crow,
The Kickapoo and Kaw ;
Mandan, Quapaw and Shawahnee,
The Delaware, the Cherokee,
O ! teach them all thy law !

9.

And O ! let Gilead's holy Son,
As thy forerunner quickly come,
The harbinger of peace,
Descending in his fiery car,
Cut through the vast expanse of air,
And water Gideon's fleece.

10.

Faith has the answer, and her flight,
 To western climes is free and light,
 And hails the prospect sweet,
 When Joseph shall be carried home,
 To Judah at Jerusalem,
 And bow at Shiloh's feet.

JEHOVAH JIREH.

Father! how great thy love must be
 To Jacob's wandering race!
 My heart, O break with agony,
 That I've abused thy grace;
 And cherished cruel unbelief,
 That anti-christian foe,
 The barrier to my soul's relief,
 From everlasting woe.

JEHOVAH NISSI.

O ! Son of God, and Son of Man,
 Thee now by faith I see;
 A sin-atoning paschal Lamb,
 Dying on Calvary.

Thy banner over me is love,
 'Tis marked with tears and blood ;
 The Father calls from Heaven above,
 " Behold the Lord your God ! "

JEHOVAH ROPHI.

Spirit of life divine thou art !
 Spirit of truth and peace !
 Come sit upon my drossy heart,
 And cleanse it by thy grace :
 That I may praise the Infinite
JEHOVAH SHALOM now,
 And at thy blessed, pierced feet,
JEHOVAH SHAMMAH, bow !
 May sound with timbrel, harp and lute,
JEHOVAH TSIDKENU, come,
 To reign on Zion's holy mount,
 Emanuel ! **HOLY ONE** !

The Father's love
 The Spirit's Grace,
 And JESUS sacrifice ;
 A threefold covenant of peace,
 Demands eternal praise !

Deuteronomy xxx. 4.

1.

O, Israel ! dear to Jehovah thou art,,
 Tho' scattered, dispersed and forlorn ;
 Engraved is thy name on Emanuel's heart,
 Thy triumph's the joy of his throne.

2.

He hath promised ; and true will he prove to his word,
 Thy return to the land of his choice ;
 When humble and true, to the laws of thy God,
 Thou rememberest Moses' voice.

3.

That if any of thine shall be driven away,
 To the verge of the circling skies ;
 From thence he will bring thee in Jubilee day,
 To Canaan, thy Shiloh to praise.

4.

Over thee will the Lord, thy Redeemer rejoice,
 As over thy fathers of old,
 When Israel obeys his Shepherd's kind voice,
 And returns to the heaven bought fold.

5.

In that happy day, shall the Indian sing,
 Hallelujah, Wahcondah is come,
 Unto whom we did pray, in our sorrowful day,
 That Wahcondah would carry us home.

I will not let thee go.—Genesis.

1.

I am thine, Holy JESUS,
I was bought by thy death !

Thou art mine, for my soul thou hast bled ;
Thou must bless me, Thou Precious,
With sin's total death,
Who hath suffered for sin in my stead.

2.

Let thee go ? Ah I cannot !
I hold thee by faith.
Let thee go ? Nay I will not, O Lord ;
Till my sin, every jot
Hath resigned its breath,
To thy mandate, All-powerful WORD !

3.

For sin is the monster
That pierced thy free soul,
In gloomy Gethsemane's vale ;
It caused thee up Calvary
Mournful to toil,
And the wrath of the Father bewail !

4.

Sin pierced thy dear temples
With cruel mock thoru,

Those temples were fairer than Heaven ;
 By sin-loving mortals
 Thy body was torn,
 In malice and wickedness leaven.

5.

Let thee go, Blessed Saviour ?
 And leave thy black foe,
 In a soul thou hast purchased so dear ;
 It will part one forever
 And ever, I know
 From the glorious Bethlehem Star.

6.

Its nature is darkness,
 As darkness itself,
 It leads to eternal despair ;
 'Tis the essence of meanness,
 It is Baalzebub's pelf;
 O ! redeem me from sin, is my prayer.

7.

Come, thou life-giving Spirit
 And kindle a flame
 Of revenge in my sin-wounded mind
 'Gainst the foe of the greatest,
 The holiest Name,
 And me to Emanuel bind.

8.

Thro' grace I'm resolved
 To clasp the blest cross ;
 And hang my poor soul on the tree,
 Where JESUS was tortur'd
 To ransom the lost,
 The perishing, guilty like me !

9.

Should he frown, I will cry
 O ! my Saviour forgive !
 Should he spurn me, I'll not let him go ;
 I will call till I die,
 And on Jesus believe,
 Who suffered on Calvary's brow !

He went forth with his disciples, over the brook Cedron, where was a garden, into which he entered, and his disciples.—John's Gospel.

1.

Behold ! the man of sorrows move,
 To meet the hosts of hell ;
 In Gethsemane his love to prove,
 And satan's power to quell.

2.

He passes Kidron with a sigh,
 Where David once did weep ;
 He knows the enemy is nigh,
 To fright his timid sheep.

3.

His love surmounted all the pain,
 His righteous soul did fill :
 The meek, the suffering Son of man,
 Guided and fed them still.

4.

Stand on your watch, my brethren now,
 The powers of hell are near ;
 Pray without ceasing thro' this hour
 With me your master dear.

5.

Your spirits willing are I know,
 But flesh, alas ! how frail ;
 Awake ! resist my ancient foe,
 Watch ! or he will prevail.

6.

But ah ! the counsels of the Lord,
 It seems were disobeyed ;
 Or they forgot his mournful word,
 "To sinners I'm betrayed."

7.

Peter denied—and all forsook,
 The lowly suffering Lamb,
 Thus it is written in the Book,
 That celebrates his Name

8.

“ JESUS”—a Saviour to forgive ;
 JESUS ! the Prince of peace ;
 JESUS ! who died that we might live
 And see his Father’s face.

A Hymn for myself—H. Livermore. 1835—6—7, &c. &c. &c.

1.

My God ! My Lord ! I pray for power,
 To stand temptation’s fiery hour ;
 I plead for grace to trust that word,
 “ I’ll save my people,” saith the Lord.

2.

I now look upward to thy throne,
 And tell thee here I am alone,
 An orphan, and a stranger, I
 To JESUS send a mournful cry :

3.

And first of sin do I complain,
 I loathe the sight—I hate the name ;
 O ! pluck the monster from my breast,
 And wrap me in thy crimson vest.

4.

I'm weary too of mortal worms,
 Children of pride in various forms ;
 Thy reign in person they deny,
 On earth, for which I daily cry.

5.

And O ! Thou Holy Blessed One,
 Prostrate before thy gracious throne,
 I ask for Jesus' Name, that I
 May suffer—weep—and groan—and die !!!

Psalm xlix.—Hear this all ye people, &c. &c. They that trust in their wealth, and boast themselves in the multitude of their riches ; none of them can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him :.....The redemption of their soul is precious.

1.

How vain to trust in worldly stores,
 That in the using wear away ;
 But wise is he whose spirit soars
 To God, and walks the narrow way.

2.

For lo ! the sacred word declares,
 Precious the soul's return to God,
 His love hath planned, his grace prepares,
 A holy way, a humble road.

3.

Precious with Mercy infinite,
 Is man's redemption from the thrall
 Of sin and satan's rage and spite,
 For Christ the blessed dies for all.

4.

All that are born of Adam's race,
 Barbarian, Scythian, bond or free ;
 Gentile or Jew, he'll save by grace,
 Who seek by faith Mount Calvary.

5.

And while they view the dying Lamb,
 Repent, believe, and ask his love ;
 Confess, adore, and praise his Name,
 Nor death, nor hell their souls can move.

6.

Then O ! my Indian friends rejoice
 In better good than Georgia's dust ;
 And listen to your Shiloh's voice,
 He calls you in his Name to trust.

"Eloi! Eloi! Lama Sabacthani?"

I.

Hark that mournful thrilling cry,
 From the mountain Calvary !
 Innocence in deep despair,
 How his wailings rend the air ;
 JESUS ! God's beloved Son,
 Sobbing out his dying moan,
 Eloi ! Eloi ! why, O why,
 Leave me thus alone to die ?

2.

Ah ! must Israel's Holy Lamb,
 Thus invoke his Father's Name ?
 How could love and Mercy flee,
 From the altar Calvary ?
 Hark again ! the thundering peal,
 Sinai gives the law and seal ;
 He that hangeth on a tree,
 Must of God accursed be !

3.

Awful case ! O ! sinner hear !
 On the cross did Christ appear !
 Covered with our guilt and shame !
 Cursed of God, and curs'd by man !

Nothing to allay his woe,
 In Heaven above or earth below :
 Angels wondering retire,
 While their Lord doth thus expire !

4.

Not his own who hanging dies,
 Was the sin the Godhead flies ;
 Adam's guilt, and Adam's race,
 Did the Son of God abase ;
 When he wept for Palestine,
 When he prayed in Gethsemane,
 When he cried upon the tree,
 Sinner ! 'twas for sin and thee !

5.

What a monster then is sin,
 Even in Jesus death the sting ;
 Outward suffering, inward woe,
 Each extreme the Lamb did know.
 Solemn mystery indeed,
 Sovereign Deity decreed,
 Heaven's holy Son must die,
 Sinners vile, for you and I !

6.

All our guilt and griefs he bore,
 For us was his body tore ;

Head and hands, and feet and side,
 Pour a sacrificial tide :
 When the icy bands of death,
 Held the Saviour's precious breath,
 O ! the soul-abasing view !
 Sinner ! 'twas for me and you !

..... and He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost.—
 John xix. 30.

1.

JESUS ! lowly, suffering Lamb,
 Pass'd the vale of death ;
 Bore excruciating pain,
 Mock'd by fiends beneath :
 O ! how dreadful was the hour,
 When the spotless Saviour cried,
 Why forsaken by my God ?
 Then he prayed—and died !

2.

Joseph from the crimson'd hill,
 Bore the lifeless form ;
 In the tomb it lay awhile,
 Silent and alone :
 Till the blissful moment came,
 That Divinity returned,

To release from death the Lamb,
Whom faithful Mary mourned.

3.

Angels flew on wings of love,
And the ponderous stone,
Quickly from the grave remov'd,
And forth the Saviour come :
All complete, a risen man,
First begotten from the dead ;
Form and substance just the same
Except the blood he shed !

4.

With that body glorified,
Thro' the air he passed,
Temples, hands, and feet and side,
Scar'd for sinners lost.
Angels welcome JESUS home,
And the Father gave the Word,
Sit upon my glorious throne,
JESUS CHRIST the Lord !

5.

Here remain till all thy foes,
I thy footstool make,
When the Gentile times shall close,
Heaven and earth shall shake.

Then in majesty descend,
 Stand upon the sacred hill,
 Earth beneath thy feet shall bend,
 And obey thy will.

6.

Signs and wonders shall precede,
 The great and glorious Day,
 Truth and Justice be displayed,
 In thy righteous sway :
 Every eye shall him behold,
 Who was tried at Pilate's bar ;
 JESUS whom Iscariot sold,
 Israel's Morning Star.

7.

Mine elect shall lift their head,
 And begin the song,
 Praise to the Lamb, whose blood was shed,
 Echo's from every tongue :
 This is our David, Judah cries,
 And worship at his pierced feet ;
 This is our Shiloh from the skies,
 And Zion is his seat.

8.

On thy father David's throne,
 Reign "the King of kings ;"

Lord of lords, anointed One,
 Judah gladly sings.
 Now the long lost tribes appear,
 Ephraim's host, Manasseh too,
 Come like flying doves from far,
 And Emanuel view.

AN ACROSTIC.

..... and his Name shall be called.—Isaiah ix. 6.

1.

Wait, spoiled outcasts! for this glorious Name
 On which your everlasting joy depends ;
 Nor cease to ask the will of Christ the Lamb,
 Do what he bids, and go wher'er he sends ;
 Early and late attend his great commandment,
 Rest in his Word, expect a sure fulfilment.

2.

Faith as a shield with all thy might oppose
 Unto the powers of sin, and death, and hell ;
 Look unto JESUS, he will slay thy foes,
 Counsellor true he will instruct thee well ;
 Onward to glory's temple bear thy spirit,
 United to him, rest you shall inherit.

3.

THE OUTCASTS.

Now Wonderful, and Counsellor, we wait,
 Solely on thee, thy Name, thy Word, thy Grace ;
 Enduring patiently our woful fate,
 Lowly Redeemer, we will seek thy face ;
 Look Shiloh, on our griefs, and drive hell's forces,
 Or we may sink, while anti-christ rejoices.

4.

EPHRAIM.

Righteousness work within my blood-bought soul,
 That I may glorify thy sacred Name ;
 Holiness plant in me like streams that roll,
 Ever and ever from the lowly Lamb ;
 Meekness like thine and heaven-born humility,
 In mercy's plenitude bestow upon me.

5.

GILEAD.

Gird me with truth, immaculate and fair,
 Honest as heaven, and strong to brace the mind,
 That girded fast, I neither faint or fear
 Yells of infernal spirits, dark and blind ;
 Give me the greaves too, and I'll tread on scorpions ;
 Oh ! grace Omnipotent ! nor fear hell's legions.

6.

MANASSEH.

Dear Jesus, help thy little ones to pray,
 Themselves deny, and humbly bear thy cross ;
 Honor thy law, and walk the narrow way,
 Endure their grief, and hope to gain by loss ;
 Expect thy coming as a mighty Conqueror,
 Vice to destroy, and virtue save forever.

7.

PILGRIM STRANGER—THE DESOLATE.

Eager I listen for the solemn call,
 “ Lift up ye gates, ye everlasting doors,”
 And let the rolling stone on Edom fall,
 Stamping the image on his threshing floors,
 Till every foe to Truth is stripped of power,
 In Babel’s awful ! Zion’s happy hour !

8.

A WITNESS.

Nothing, O ! Thou most High, is hard for thee,
 Give then the epilogue to worthless me.
 For Thee I pray, my vital blood to shed,
 Adored Redeemer, Israel’s living Head.
 This sacred boon I ask with all submission,
 Holy Messiah, to thy free election.

9.

Enrol, even now, with penitents my name,
 Redeemer merciful, and Saviour kind ;
 The smoking flax, O rouse to heavenly flame,
 Hasten thy work, thy Adversary bind ;
 Enlarge my heart, prepare it for thy glory,
 Parent of orphans, Israel's Shiloh Holy.

10.

Resolved I am at Jesus feet to lie,
 In patient hope and persevering prayer ;
 Never from Calvary's mournful colors fly,
 Come on, what will, I'll cast on God my care ;
 Ease I have never known, I bless Jehovah,
 O ! then at last, I'll readier be to suffer !

11.

Fear not, poor red men, Jesus soon will come,
 Prince over princes, and the King of kings ;
 Elijah will prepare you to go home,
 And angels bear you on their golden wings ;
 Celestial crowns gemmed with the love of Jesus,
 Each faithful soul receives from Shiloh glorious.

AMEN.—MILLENNIAL DOXOLOGY.

To Jesus the Saviour high praises are due,
 To Christ the anointed dominion be given ;
 To Jesus and Christ ever holy and true,

The Lord over all upon earth or in heaven,
 Be worship addressed in the temple of God,
 Almighty, all-glorious, Omnipotent Lord !

A song for Judah.

1.

Come, let us return to the land of our birth,
 And weep for our city polluted and low ;
 Let us hasten to mourn over hallowed earth,
 Where our temple once shone, and our fathers did
 bow.

2.

For the statutes of God, our Redeemer, declare,
 That salvation to Jacob from Zion shall rise ;
 Jerusalem still is reserved by his care,
 For the tribes of the Holy, the Just, and the Wise.

3.

O ! why do we tarry ? O ! why do we stay
 In lands where our prophets ne'er spoke for the Lord ;
 In lands where to Israel is given no sway,
 Where no oracle comforts with life-giving Word ?

4.

We have compassed the earth, but repose is denied,
 To our exiled bosoms, the banished—the sad—
 In vain, ah ! in vain, do we rove far and wide,
 While absent from Zion, shall Judah be glad ?

5.

No never shall joy that is solid and true,
 Or heaven-born peace be restored by the Lord,
 Till our eyes shall with penitent weeping review,
 The mountain—the city—and altar of God.

6.

Let us rise—lets us go—our election insure,
 For the promises—covenants—remain with us still;
 If we turn to our God, he will be to us pure,
 But if froward, his judgments us surely will kill !

A Song for the outcasts of Israel.

1.

* * Wahcondah ! see our mournful state,
 * * Thou great Manitto ! O behold !
 * * Jehovah ! we are desolate,
 * * Lost from thy once admired fold.
 * * Great Spirit ! hear our cries, we pray,
 * * And turn our midnight into day !

2.

In desert wastes we wildly roam,
 Scattered—peeled—and driven out,
 A spoil, a prey, ah ! hapless doom !
 Surely our sin hath found us out ;

Our fathers trespass and our own,
We must in gloomy forests mourn.

3.

Long, very long, the Osage cries,
Since we have seen a happy day ;
Sweet peace our aching bosom flies,
We walk in sorrow's thorny way ;
The plaint is echoed far and wide,
Where'er the outcast doth abide.

4.

How long ? how long ? thou Spirit Great,
Shall we in darkness rove from thee ?
When shall release from darkest fate,
Be issued by thy blest decree ?
That angels from thy bright abode
Shall bear us home to Israel's God ?

5.

O ! hasten on the happy time,
When we, the ransomed of the Lord,
Shall in thy presence rise and shine,
According to the sacred Word.
When all our tribes shall meet to bless,
YOHESWAH Israel's Righteousness.

A Hymn for Indian ministers of the glorious gospel of Messiah.

1.

O ! Thou who died that I might live,
 Let me declare thy gracious Name,
 Call on my brethren to believe,
 On Christ ; and cry " Behold the Lamb!"

2.

I'll say, " repent, the kingdom's nigh,
 Our Shiloh hastens from afar,
 On wings of pitying love he'll fly,
 And come, the Indian's " Morning Star."

3.

I'll tell them whiskey to forsake,
 Crying, 'tis satan's bait to kill,
 O ! Choctaw, Cherokee come take,
 Pure water from the forest rill.

4.

I'll preach about thy Blessed Word,
 In which the weakest soul may find,
 Comfort and strength to bear the rod,
 And grace to cheer the fainting mind.

5.

I'll shout the Holy Gospel power,
 Unto Salvation full and free ;

A fortress, rock, and mighty tower,
For thee, poor Indian, yea--for thee !

6.

O ! I will preach, and weep, and pray,
The forest echo me will join,
To point my fellows to the day,
When Shiloh will on Zion shine.



Luke xxiv. 36.

1.

“ Peace be to you,” the Saviour said,
Unto his mourning band ;
Behold I’m risen from the dead,
And here before you stand.

2.

O ! see my pierced hands and feet,
’Tis I, your Master dear ;
My children “ have you any meat,”
We’ll feed together here.

3.

Ah ! with what wonder and delight,
They listened to his word ;
Yet scarce believed their ear or sight,
That he was Christ the Lord.

4.

Handle me, cried the lowly Lamb,
 My feet—my hands—my side,
 A spirit ne'er had such a frame
 Of flesh and bone beside.

5.

These are the words I spake to you,
 Before my painful death ;
 That prophets, Moses, David too,
 My mission wrote by faith.

6.

That every word should come to pass,
 And now your risen Lord ;
 Confirms again the truth and grace,
 Of Israel's gracious God.

7.

Thus it is written and behoved,
 Christ to endure the curse ;
 Despise the shame, and triumph gain,
 By dying on the cross.

8.

Yet not be held in death's embrace,
 Or see corruption's power ;
 But rise to save his Church by grace,
 In God's appointed hour.

9.

Afflicted red men 'twas for you,
 That Jesus Christ appeared ;
 To save you he will come again,
 And bring his own reward.

10.

Then fear not poverty or pain,
 Nor dread the gasping grave,
 Behold the dying, living Lamb,
 He will the Indian save.

Ye shall make no idols, nor graven image.—Lev. xxvi. 1.

1.

Thus spake the Lord, the great, the dreadful God,
 In ancient time, and Israel heard the sound ;
 From Sinai's summit came the sacred word,
 "I am your God," my glory shall abound :
 Therefore, O sons of Israel, hear my covenant,
 Worship no other God, is my commandment.

2.

No graven image make, no senseless idol form,
 Thy God abhors the sight, 'tis satan's foulest plan,
 Against my church to raise a dire storm,
 And rouse my holy jealousy in dreadful flame :

O ! Israel ! beware ! the latter day's delusion,
Is worse than mystic Babylon's confusion.

Jesus wept.—John xi. 35.

1.

He wept when even death's defeat,
Proclaim'd him God below ;
And I will weep and bathe his feet,
With tears of bitter woe.

2.

His tears were drops of silver dew,
Distill'd from mercy's throne ;
Each as a pearl of purest hue,
Sparkled o'er Lazarus' urn.

3.

But mine are weak, and poor and mean,
Unfit for God to see ;
Bathe them in thine and cleanse their stain,
Thou Lamb that bled for me.

4.

I need thy tears, a Lazarus I,
Dead to the world, forgot ;
O ! Jesus, to thy Name I fly,
And plead—deny me not :

5.

Deny me not thy pity now,
 Commiserate my grief ;
 See at thy cross I willing bow,
 And plead for quick relief.

6.

Call out my spirit from her grave,
 Speak life into my soul ;
 In tears and blood the sinner lave,
 And then pronounce me whole.

7.

Then shall my tears be sanctified,
 Flowing from perfect love ;
 To Jesus, once the crucified
 Now Christ the Lord above.

Hide me under the shadow of thy wings.—Ps. xvii. 8.

1.

Is the day of vengeance breaking,
 O'er a thankless, wretched world ?
 The year of recompenses opening,
 When judgments' colors are unfurled ?

2.

Will they wave o'er guilty Edom,
 Mourning Zion's cruel foe ?
 And the seven vials pouring,
 Lay the haughty scorers low ?

3.

O ! thou meek, insulted Mercy,
 Hast thou bid thy Spirit cease,
 Souls to call to heaven and glory,
 By thy passion, Prince of peace ?

4.

Lowly Lamb, and precious Saviour,
 Is thine anger roused to flame ?
 'Gainst despisers of thy favor,
 Who neglect thy saving Name ?

5.

Coming art thou to astonish
 Zion's foes, and careless souls ?
 Every idol to abolish,
 Burnt with vengeance, quenchless coals ?

6.

Is it so ? I ask my spirit,
 Art thou sealed by grace, to God ?
 Redeemed thro' Jesus blood and merit,
 Canst thou gladly meet the Lord ?

7.

Lord, I know, I'm most unworthy
 To exalt my hope so high ;
 Hide me, O Redeemer ! holy,
 'Neath thy wings, or I shall die !

8.

Hide me till the storm is over ;
 Shut me up in mercy's breast ;
 Still I claim thee for my Saviour,
 And I hail thee ever blest !

A Hymn for native teachers in the Indian Sunday Schools.

1.

Light of the world ! thou Holy One !
 Jesus ! the infant's God ;
 Look down from Heaven thy lofty throne,
 And teach these babes thy word.

2.

Let Indian children know thy Name,
 And give their hearts to thee ;
 Hosanna, cry to Christ the Lamb,
 Stain on Mount Calvary.

3.

How kindly were Judah's babes
 Clasp'd to thy tender breast ;

And to thy holy kingdom sealed,
Thine everlasting rest.

4.

How sweet the doctrines thou didst teach,
When asked by man to say ;
Who will the highest station reach,
In the millennial day ?

5.

An artless infant boy was called,
And seated by thy side ;
Then, Saviour, thou didst say aloud,
This little one's a guide.

6.

I called him, and he quickly came,
Weaned from his mother's breast ;
The Father had revealed my name,
Jesus ! the infant's rest.

7.

This infant feared me to offend,
But felt no servile dread ;
He loves me, lowly as I am,
obeys me as his Head.

8.

No malice in his little heart,
Can kindle fires of hell ;

From envious pride he feels no smart,
My love hath broke the spell.

9.

I thank my Father, Lord of all,
His wisdom is revealed,
To babes, who unto Jesus call,
But from the proud concealed.

10.

Thus it hath pleased the God of truth,
To order his decree,
And now we pray for Indian youth,
That they thy face may see.

11.

Give them a humble listening ear,
And memory to retain ;
The good their teachers may declare,
In Jesus' worthy Name.

Mark ix. 41.

1.

Faith is the seed of glory fair :
When Christ descends to reign ;
It works by love with tender care,
Remembering Jesus' Name.

2.

The spring of faith is known to rise,
 With godly, humble fear,
 And joined to love the just and wise,
 Tho' he in rags appear.

3.

Faith disciplines the hand and heart,
 And gives a reason pure,
 Why to the poor she doth impart
 Her goods—her worldly store.

4.

Because to Christ you do belong,
 As Israel's outcast child,
 A little one, a helpless worm,
 By haughty sinners spoiled.

5.

It was to Israel Jesus spake,
 He meant his “cast away ;”
 Whom to redeem he came to make
 His own dear life a prey.

6.

Now blest Redeemer, look on me !
 My humble offering own ;
 I dedicate my hymns to thee,
 Bless them, thou Holy One.

7.

And let them cheer the drooping heart,
 Revive the fainting mind ;
 To many a Cherokee impart,
 Hope in thy mercy kind.

A Hymn for Christian Indians.

1.

Our Father ! sweetly soothing call,
 In Heaven thou art, as on a throne ;
 Oh ! hallowed be thy Name, by all
 Above the sky, or 'neath the sun !

2.

Thy kingdom come in mighty power,
 And David's throne receive the King,
 Whose arrows dipt in blood, devour
 The haughty serpent's pois'ning sting !

3.

Thy holy blessed will be done,
 On earth, as it is done in heaven ;
 Hasten this work, thou Holy One,
 By thunders—trumpets—vials—seven !!!

4.

Our daily bread we pray thee give,
 For all the corn and wheat is thine ;
 And all of good we here receive,
 Flows from thy goodness all divine.

5.

Forgive our sins, our Father High,
 As we forgive our cruel foes !
 Dost thou not hear the red man cry,
 At morning's dawn, and evening's close ?

6.

Preserve our fainting, wearied minds,
 From sinking in temptation's gloom ;
 Where satan many a spirit binds,
 And bids them ask an early tomb.

7.

Deliver us from dark despair,
 From murmuring spirits us redeem,
 Let every sort of evil care,
 Be far from Jesus' poor red men.

8.

For thine's the power, and grace, and love,
 And thine the righteous kingdom Lord ;
 Glory is thine in Heaven above,
 Forever, uncreated Word !!!

9.

Amen ! let holy angels sound,
 Amen ! the white robed martyrs cry !
 Amen ! the Patriarchs respond,
 Amen ! from earth our souls reply !

A Doxology.

To God our Creator be offered praise ;
 To God our Redeemer Alleluias we raise ;
 To God our reprobate and comforter blest,
 Be blessings ascribed, as the guide to our rest.

A Maker—a Saviour, and Spirit in one,
 God of the Indians, help us we pray ;
 The Father to love and believe in the Son,
 And always the Spirit of mercy obey.

..... with God all things are possible.—Matt. xix. 26.

1.

Near the baptismal font in the coasts of Judea,
 Messiah was asked by a certain young man,
 What he must perform, as it was his desire
 Immortality, glory, and life to obtain ?

At first he was answered from thundering Sinai,
 Keep the law and remember its dictates are pure ;
 I have, said the seeker ; what lack I farther ?
 Follow me said the Lord, leave thy gold for the poor.

2.

Ah ! this touched a string that vibrated to sorrow,
 The worldling his idol could never forego,
 To follow so humble, so lowly a Master,
 So returned to a world that is mortgaged to woe.
 The Lord then addressed his disciples, by saying,
 How hardly the rich my salvation can gain—
 A camel may pass through the eye of a needle,
 Far sooner than rich men the Kingdom obtain.

3.

T'was a terrible word ; but mercy then added,
 Altho' with poor mortals the doctrine is true,
 Yet the work may be compassed at once by the
 Godhead,

And power divine lust for gold may subdue.
 No heart is so wedded to earth's sordid treasure,
 But the word of the Lord can effect its divorce ;
 No mortal so eager for sensual pleasure,
 But infinite Mercy can alter his course.

4.

Rich sinners, Oh ! ponder the words of your Saviour,
 And tremble to think that your silver and gold,

May kindle in judgment unquenchable fire,
 And rack you with torture, that cannot be told.
 Ye poor, be content, with coarse fare and mean
 lodging,
 Remember our precious Redeemer was so ;
 Barley bread for his supper, dewy grass for his
 pillow,
 Did JESUS complain of his poverty ? No !

5.

Ah ! let us give thanks to our heavenly Father,
 He hath closen the poor, who believe and obey,
 To inherit a kingdom of glory forever,
 And receive their good things in Millennial Day !
 In white robes arrayed, that e'en angels admire,
 And crowns such as princes on earth never wore,
 They walk with the Lamb in his heavenly bower,
 And glory to JESUS, they shout evermore !

The Widow's Prayer.

1.

The widow's prayer of faith, exceeds
 In power and weight, a mount of gold ;
 " My God ! she cries, behold the deeds
 Of pity to one poor and old ; "

Shine, Lord, upon them night and day,
My helpers kind, protect, I pray.

2.

This prayer is sweet in Jesus ear,
It minglest with celestial songs,
Perfumed with gratitude's soft tear,
Its meed to charity belongs ;
And angels joyfully attend,
The pillow of a widow's friend.

3.

A widow who on God relies,
Trusting alone in sovereign grace,
Is precious to the just and wise,
And he will show a smiling face ;
To such as try her grieves to heal,
And stamp their alms with friendship's seal.

4.

But woe to haughty sons of pride,
Who from the holy widows turn,
Or with unfeeling rudeness chide,
A fellow-being doomed to mourn :
Her partner dead, her prospects lost,
All earthly hopes and wishes crost.

1.

Known unto God is every thought
 That glances through my breast ;
 His searching spirit oft hath sought,
 To bring me to the test,
 Of thinking nothing of myself
 And deep in dust to lay,
 Of every other hope bereft,
 But mournful Calvary.

2.

Sometimes I've thought myself too mean
 To claim salvation pure ;
 Sometimes I've thought (alas ! how vain)
 Of heaven and bliss I'm sure :
 Uneven thoughts, unequal ways,
 Have oft the Spirit grieved,
 When he hath come with cleansing grace,
 And would my soul have healed.

3.

Oh ! that I now might cease to think
 Of aught but Christ my Lord,
 Into my native nothing sink,
 And then be born of God :
 Die—and be buried in the tomb,
 Where my Redeemer lay,

Rise into Jesus' life, and bloom
 A plant of charity.

4.

Then every thought should captive be,
 To constant, perfect love,
 From wanderings vain my heart be free,
 Sealed up to God above.
 Like a weaned child my soul would rest,
 From pride and anger pure ;
 With meekness even calmness blest,
 Unto the end endure.

5.

And then be saved to stand before
 My Saviour, Christ the Lord,
 When he shall come arrayed in power,
 According to his Word.
 The time is short, my soul I drop
 Thee into JESUS now ;
 Thy breath, old self, this instant stop,
 In death let nature bow.

1.

Kindest love to me is shown,
 JESUS melts my heart of stone,

Gives me Mary's weeping love,
 Sends the witness from above :
 Now I wait upon the Lord,
 Signed by Calvary, sealed to God.

2.

O ! how careful must I be,
 From a wrinkle to be free :
 Grace' free agent, holy live,
 Moments jealous to retrieve ;
 Constantly my Lord obey,
 Softly walk the narrow way.

3.

Draw each breath in ceaseless prayer,
 Self deny with watchful care ;
 Buckle on my armour tight,
 Fight for Christ with all my might ;
 Let my words and actions prove,
 Self is lost in JESUS love.



The contrite heart.

1.

The contrite heart bewails its sin
 As foe to God, the Holy One ;
 It cries at Jesus feet " unclean,"
 And weeping flies to mercy's throne.

2.

It sues for grace to cleanse the guilt
 That lies upon a trembling soul,
 Owning the blood on Calvary spilt,
 Able to make the sinner whole.

3.

It owns the Gospel doctrine just,
 Declared by Jesus Christ the Lord ;
 He that believeth not, is curst,
 While faith receives a rich reward.

4.

It suffers—sighs—but can't despair,
 Because 'tis written “God is Love,”
 And sovereign mercy free as air,
 Pleads for the “contrite ones” above.

5.

Jesus uplifts his pierced hands,
 The token blest of pard’ning grace,
 Descending where the mourner stands,
 Praying to see the Saviour’s face.

6.

And holy angels clap their wings,
 Joyful to see a humble tear,
 While Gabriel leads the train and sings,
 Peace to the mourner will appear.

7.

O! give me then the contrite heart,
 Which Jesus and his angels bless,
 Believing God will power impart
 To dwell in “Christ, my Righteousness.”

For a tempted soul. Written at Philadelphia, 1835.

1.

Dark is the way I go,
 My daily portion woe,
 And nature frail is ready to despair ;
 Tears are my sad repast,
 And sighs my vitals waste,
 I sink in muddy streams of hopeless care !

2.

Oh ! why is this ah why !
 My spirit oft doth cry
 That I am thus deserted and forlorn ?
 Surely I fear the Lord,
 I love his sacred Word,
 Adore his Name, and o'er my follies mourn !

3.

Then why ? but hark ! my soul,
 'Thy sorrows now control,

For God commands by Jesus Christ His Son,
 Accept the gospel yoke,
 And take the body broke
 On Calvary's mount for evils thou hast done !

4.

Except thou dost obey,
 And walk the suffering way,
 With Israel's Holy One thou hast no part,
 For Jesus' life below,
 Was marked by bitter woe,
 Such woe as never pierced another heart.

5.

If I a pilgrim rove,
 So did my Saviour move,
 From place to place, the lowly Son of man ;
 The birds and foxes too
 At night knew where to go,
 But not the meek, the lovely, holy Lamb !

6.

Such was my Saviour's fate,
 Encompassed round with hate
 And scorn of wicked men and devils too ;
 At last for me he died,
 And then they pierced his side,
 That mercy's balmy streams for me might flow.

7.

O ! cease my heart to grieve,
 And thy complainings leave,
 For winds to waft along oblivion's shore,
 There bury murmur's sigh,
 Forgotten, silent lie,
 And self repine, and fret, and grieve no more !

8.

Temptations I must bear,
 Remembering who endure
 Are blest, and to the brightest gold compared :
 Such are like Jesus too,
 And shall his glory view,
 As Paul, taught by the Holy Ghost, declared.

9.

Help me, O Saviour dear,
 My little bark to steer,
 As o'er the sea of trouble I must sail ;
 Let not my soul despond,
 But stretch her faith beyond
 E'en Jordan's wave, to Canaan's lovely vale !

10.

I will depend on God,
 And trust his sacred word,

He that believes confounded ne'er shall be ;
 Away then unbelief,
 Be still thou selfish grief,
 My Saviour ! hear, I give myself to thee !

Who is this that cometh ?—Isaiah lxiii. 1.

1.

Hark ! hark ! O, my soul ! to the cry
 That pierces through Palestine's gloom ;
 Descending from yonder blue sky,
 Messiah, the Shiloh will come !
 Ah ! ponder the trance of the seer,
 And pray for instructions divine ;
 May hap the fulfilment is near,
 And judgment is laid to the line :

2.

Remember, he'll not come again,
 In lowliness, sighing, and woe ;
 To be mocked and rejected, and slain,
 On Calvary's hallowed brow !
 His glorified person is free
 From the life which a sacrifice made,
 The sweat and the spear were for me,
 And His blood was my price which he paid.

3.

I remember the cry of the Son,
 “ “Tis finished ;” and earth felt his word,
 The rocks from her bosom were torn,
 As died my adorable Lord !
 I remember the flesh and the bones,
 Not keepers or seal could detain ;
 From the grave as a victor the Crucified comes,
 And ascends to his glory again.

4.

Mediator ! and Advocate made
 For man, whether Gentile or Jew ;
 Upon him our burden was laid ;.....
 He died, and he lives for us too !
 Exalted on high he will sit,
 Till the cup of transgression is filled ;
 And then upon Edom his feet
 Will tread, for the blood they have spilled.

5.

His two-edged sword he will bathe,
 In the gore of Idumean foes ;
 Then shrieks for a mountain or cave,
 Avail not, for time’s at a close.

Redemption ! Salvation ! and Grace,
 Are sounded to sinners no more ;
 But the vengeance of God in their place,
 Rings the death-peal, that mercy is o'er.

6.

My soul ! art thou ready to say,
 Come, quickly, O Lord, in thy power !
 Or, dost thou desire delay,
 Through dread of the terrible hour ?
 If ever the pilgrim speak true,
 Then her soul's dearest wish is revealed,
 That she pants her Redeemer in glory to view,
 And prays, "Gird thy sword"—take the field !

Amen.

* * * * *

To the Heavenly Warrior
 Be Glory and Praise !
 Everlasting Avenger
 Of Israel's race ;
 Come quickly, O ! come,
 And sit on thy throne,
 Let every knee bow
 Unto JESUS alone !

* * * * *

Revelations vii. and xiv.

1.

Now behold the blest Lamb !
 On the mountain of Zion ;
 Hear praise to his Name,
 By the great congregation :
 A multitude which no man
 Nor angel could number :
 Salvation to Shiloh
 Who never did slumber,
Chorus—Shepherd of Israel,
 Holy Emmanuel,
 Glory and blessing
 To God and the Lamb !

2.

How white are their robes,
 And the palms ever verdant,
 Which they hold in their hands
 At the throne now triumphant,
 Where David once wielded
 The sceptre of Judah,
 Messiah is seated
 To govern forever :
 Shepherd of Israel, &c.

3.

“ Who are these,” cries a saint,
 Unto John the beloved,
 And whence have they came.....
 In these white robes arrayed ?
 “ Sir, thou knowest,” most surely
 The whole of this vision
 Of grandeur and glory,
 O ! precious Redemption.

Shepherd of Israel, &c.

4.

Then the elder replied,
 That the white-robed people,
 By sorrows were tried ;
 In a world full of evil :
 By faith they've ascended,
 Through great tribulation,
 The Gospel defended.....
 Enduring temptation :

Shepherd of Israel, &c.

5.

Therefore, happy they stand,
 In the presence of Jesus ;
 On Emmanuel's land,
 In his temple most glorious :

They shall hunger no more,
 Neither thirst or be weary,
 For the Lamb hath in store
 Their promised glory :

Shepherd of Israel, &c.

Zech. xii. 11 ; and xiv. 1, 2 ; also Rev. i. 7.

1.

See that mournful company,
 Weeping, groaning, praying !
 O ! what bitter agony,
 Hark how loud their wailing !
 Was their first-born in the tomb,
 Could their grief be greater ?
 Or dying lay an only son,
 Could they weep more bitter ?

2.

Every face to'rd Calvary,
 Pale with pining sorrow ;
 Some are sinking in despair,
 Pray they can no longer !
 Surely never grief like this
 Waked in human bosoms ;
 And it may not be amiss
 To explain the reasons :

3.

First, this is the trying day
 Of Jacob's seventh trouble ;
 And *Jerusalem we see
 Mourning for the evil
 Done to JESUS, Mary's Son,.....
 JESUS, God's anointed ;
 JESUS CHRIST, the Holy One,
 And paschal Lamb appointed.

4.

To redeem our guilty race,
 He assumed our nature ;
 (Sin excepted,)—and by grace
 Born of the tribe of Judah !
 Judah's tribe and David's line,
 Were Messiah's lineage ;
 As a man, and as Divine
 He's the Rock of ages.

5.

In his manhood's first estate,
 Sorrow marked Messiah,
 Man of grief, and destitute
 Of worldly wealth and grandeur.

* Zech xii. 10.

Though he came of David's house,
 Yet he then was poorer,
 Because of royalty's offence,
 Than the rest of Judah.

6.

E'en from Jesse's son as first
 Unto Zedekiah ;
 Every king abused the trust
 Of the great Messiah ;
 Even Amon's pious son,
 Justly styled reformer,
 Marred the glory of his throne,
 In the vale Megiddo.

7.

Died with him religious fear,
 In the kings of Judah ;
 O ! that monarchs would beware,
 How they use their power ;
 But I will pursue my theme,
 And rehearse the story,
 David's house tho' now so mean,
 Is decreed for Glory !

8.

God did promise him a son,
 Who should sway his sceptre ;
 Longer than endures the moon,
 King and Priest forever :

- * In his days shall truth prevail,
- * Righteousness shall flourish ;
- * Jerusalem in safety dwell,
- * As the Scriptures promise :

9.

Happy they who scan the Word
 Faithfully imploring ;
 Help from Israel's mighty God,
 And believe the coming
 Of the Son of Man to reign,
 In his power and glory ;
 Surely this is written plain,
 In the Gospel story :

10.

First he must appear a child,
 Subject to his parents ;
 Then the man of sorrows mild,
 Bearing many torments.

L

Oh ! I'm coming to the part
 Of my testimony,
 That might break the hardest heart....
 Precious, precious story.

11.

It thrills through very righteous soul,
 Inspiring deepest sorrow ;
 And causes Judah thus to howl,
 With the deepest horror :
 When Immanuel first appeared
 In humiliation,
 And no martial banner reared,
 But proclaimed salvation,

12.

From the iron sway of sin,
 From the guilt of Adam,
 From pollution deep within,
 From the foe to Eden ;
 Cried, repent and now believe
 In your only Saviour;
 Follow me, and you may have
 Peace and joy forever ;

13.

Self deny, and foes forgive,
 Humbly seek for mercy ;
 As a little child receive
 Promises of glory :
 Ah ! the doctrine of the cross,
 Was offence to many ;
 Be redeemed by shame and loss,
 Inconsistent story :.....

14.

Give us of his flesh to eat !
 What a shocking Saviour !
 Yet he says, 'tis heavenly meat.....
 But we reject the favour :
 " Drink his blood !" 'tis blasphemy !
 Sure he's an evil spirit ;—
 Blood's forbidden in our law,
 That we from God inherit !

15.

Scorn for kindness, spite for love,
 Malice for compassion
 Were his lot, but could not move
 His purpose of Redemption :

Though betrayed, arraigned, condemned,
 Like a Lamb he suffered ;
 Though his pain the rocks did rend,
 Jesus never murmured :

16.

With his dying breath he prayed,
 Father, O ! forgive them,
 "They know not what they do," he said,
 But Judas knew 'twas treason ;
 And better far he ne'er was born,
 Than to betray his Master ;
 But Israel must to God return,
 I am his Lord and Saviour.

17.

JESUS yielded up the ghost,
 "It is finished," crying ;
 Thus his earthly life he lost,
 Yet conquered death by dying :
 His perfect spirit did commend
 Unto the living Father ;
 That he might, come forth again,
 To live—to reign—forever !

18.

And to prove his mission true,
 Death itself was conquered ;
 Into life divine he drew
 The body thus prepared,
 For the honors of a throne,
 Which endures forever,
 And he will unite as one,
 Israel and Judah.

19.

On a cloud to heaven he rode
 Midst the shouts of angels ;
 In the holy place abode
 Till Jerusalem's troubles :
 In the night of Gentile times,
 When the wild beast roared,
 Michael pleads that his designs,
 Might be quick averted.

20.

Then Jehovah poured his grace
 On two faithful servants,
 Sent them to his chosen place,
 Arm'd with dreadful torments,

To destroy the reprobate
 Turk or Macedonian,
 Bids the house of David wait,
 For his nation's Lion.

21.

Loud the testimony rings,
 Solemn warnings given,
 Worship now the King of kings,
 JESUS ! Lord from Heaven !
 Day and night the prophets cry,
 Without intermission,
 Round and round the tidings fly
 Bearing this inscription :

22.

“ Fear the Lord, and glory give
 To the God of Israel,
 Shun the Beast, do not receive
 His mark—’tis from the devil :
 Lift your heads, ye trembling ones,
 Redemption waits your asking,
 Say “ blessed be the King who comes,”
 The God from everlasting :

23.

But alas ! the unbelief
 That beguiled their fathers,
 Swelled to madness Judah's grief
 For an army gathers
 Unto Armageddon's vale
 And its proud commander
 Threatens Zion he'll assail
 If a full surrender

24.

Unto him as Israel's God
 Be refused longer,
 Brandishes his famous sword
 Than a lion stronger :
 Yet the witnesses declare
 Through the streets of Salem,
 All his threats are puffs of air,
 Judah must not fear him :

25.

Wrath inflames the horrid beast,
 Thus to be derided
 By the sackcloth witnesses,
 And it is decided,

That he will the prophets slay—
 On he comes with fury,
 Kills them ; and their bodies lay—
 No one dares them bury.

26.

Infidels with loud exult,
 Shout the desperate triumph ;
 Glory in their leader's guilt,
 And pronounce him monarch
 Over all beneath the sun,
 God on mount Moriah,
 Ruling in Jerusalem
 Royal Prince Messiah ;

27.

See his colors planted fast,
 On the holy mountain,
 Bow, and worship him at last,
 Who was, and is, the chieftain
 Of an army come from far,
 Gaul-oh ! gallant horsemen,
 All equipped for glorious war,
 In valley Armageddon.

28.

See the fire-mouthed prophets lie,
 Cold as death can make them,
 You like them shall surely die,
 If you will not own him,
 Who is sitting like a God,
 Where your boasting teachers,
 Said that Jesus Christ their Lord
 Would stand—“ What silly preachers !

29.

Oh ! 'tis dreadful to relate,
 How the crooked serpent,
 Helped his ministers of state,
 To ensnare the remnant ;
 Presents rich and costly too,
 And many a sparkling jewel,
 Furs of jet or snowy hue,
 Mayhap the spoils of Israel.

30.

Songs of mirth, and dances gay,
 Dramas, shows, and concerts,
 Pipers pipe, and fiddlers play,
 Round the murdered prophets :

Now the danger is immense,
 Faith her flight hath taken,
 O ! ye murdered witnesses,
 Earth is sure forsaken
 By the God of truth and peace,
 By his holy angels,
 By the children of his grace,
 And 'tis filled with evils :
 For the cup of vengeance pours,
 Through the globe a mixture,
 Famine, war, and hail-stone showers,
 Greedily devour,
 Thousands of the Gentile race,
 While the sons of Judah
 Still reject the offered Grace,
 JESUS, the Messiah.

33.

Yet poor Judah, trembling, thinks
 Of the declaration,
 “ He that takes that mark, he sinks
 Down into endless ruin.”
 But the preachers of that word,
 Died by him they call’d
 Reprobated foe to God,
 And they seem determined,

34.

To despair of Heaven's aid,
 For Jerusalem's taken ;
 By a host, of nations made,
 All their trust is shaken.
 Perilous that hour of need,
 Far beyond description ;
 Day of Jacob's woe indeed,
 Horrid desolation !

35.

Awful horror ! black despair !
 Utter consternation !
 Now extorts the humble prayer,
 God of our salvation,
 We are ruined, justly too,
 For we have rejected
 Mercy ; and deserve the woe,
 By heaven and hell inflicted.

36.

But, Oh ! if Israel's God thou art,
 Unchangeable in goodness,
 Let our misery touch thy heart,
 O ! behold the madness

Of Jerusalem's foes and thine,
 Hear the bold denial
 Of Jehovah's power divine,
 By the sons of Belial.

37.

If our guilt is great, our grief
 Flows like a mighty torrent ;
 O ! can there be no relief,
 From such dire torment ?
 Houses rifled—women torn,
 From their husbands bosoms,
 Captive we must now become,
 To the heathen nations.

38.

Awful crisis ! now behold,
 The heavens and earth they tremble,
 The sun is black, the moon is blood,
 The stars, how fast they tumble !
 Fearful sights in heaven are seen,
 Flying armies gather
 The Wild Beast, and his wretched men,
 Are just as bad as ever.

39.

Now the witnesses awake,
 From their three days' slumber,
 And their foes begin to quake,
 For a voice like thunder,
 Calls upon them to ascend—
 Up they go to heaven,
 In clouds to meet their heavenly Friend,
 While their foes are wailing.

40.

“ Fall upon us,” crashing hills,
 Rolling mountains hide us,
 Crumbling rocks become our cells,
 For we see the Glorious :
 The Glorious, Holy One descend,
 In all Jehovah’s power,
 Angelic hosts his march attend,
 This is our judgment hour.

41.

Olives’ holy ground receives
 A blow which parts asunder,
 The tabernacles of the Beast,
 And a peal of thunder

With Jehovah's lightnings join,
 And a mighty earthquake,
 With fiery hail and storm combine
 All things to desolate.

42.

Seven thousand men are slain,
 While the new-built city
 Feels a shock of dreadful pain,
 And laments the folly
 Of attending to the man
 Who made the graven image,
 Probably a son of Dan
 Or of Asher's lineage :

43.

Now, O now the whirlwind woe
 And the trumpet blowing,
 All the remnant, every Jew,
 In a fright are crying,
 God of Abraham forgive
 All our sinful errors !
 We in Jesus Christ believe,
 For we feel his terrors :

44.

'Tis enough, the Shiloh cries,
 I return to Zion,
 And before their naked eyes,
 Judah's roused lion
 Stands in majesty arrayed,
 With snow-white spirits round him,
 He cries, 'tis I, be not afraid,
 Lo ! I bring your pardon :

45.

Now, the Jesus once proclaimed
 A devil and blasphemer !
 With shouts of praise is gladly named
 The everlasting Shiloh !
 David's house, with bitter grief
 Mourn that they rejected
 The truth, proclaimed by Joseph Wolf,
 That man who was elected

46.

To preach the coming of his Lord,
 The Crucified, the Risen,
 To cleanse his land, the temple build,
 And govern in Jerusalem.

On Calvary look awhile you weep,
 Commands the great Emmanuel,
 For all along that rugged steep,
 I bore the curse for Israel.

47.

And you see they have obeyed,
 You hear their own confession,
 That Christ a curse for sinners made,
 Is Author of Redemption.
 Hark ! the angelic armies shout
 Amid the holy chorus,
 JESUS ! Saviour Infinite !
 JESUS ! Christ most glorious !

48.

My pen I now will lay aside,
 Requesting all to ponder,
 The paths they tread, nor careless slide
 After the Beast to wonder ;*
 And do not mysticise the Word,
 There 's danger and delusion ;
 You must believe the literal Lord
 Is present in Millennium !

Amen—even so,
 Come Lord JESUS, come quickly.

Dedicated to the Chiefs of the tribes in the wilderness, the Aborigines of the land "overshadowing with wings," as a tribute of humble respect, by their servant in the Lord, Harriet Livermore.]

SONG MILLENNIAL.

*Sung by H. L. at Union Wesleyan Chapel, Kensington, Pa.
Oct. 2. 1831.*

In the tune of "Drooping souls no longer grieve :" also,
"Prayer its way to God can find, from earth's deepest centre."

1.

Hark ! the trumpet sounding loud !
Jesus Christ is coming !
Riding on the brilliant cloud,
Troops of angels round Him !
On Mount Olivet He'll stand,
In Majesty and power ;
Rallying his ancient band,
Israel and Judah.

2.

Many from the dust awake,
To life that is eternal,
Harps of purest gold they take,
And chaunt the Great Emmanuel.

Oh ! the glorious melody,
 Of Holy, Holy, Holy,
 Rising over Zion's hill,
 Glory, Glory, Glory !

3.

Noah, Abraham, Moses, Job,
 Miriam, Ruth and Hannah,
 Rise to meet their Saviour God,
 And hail his royal banner.
 Caleb is among the blest,
 In the land of Canaan,
 Aaron too in priestly vest,
 And the valiant Gideon.

4.

Abel, Seth, and Joshua come,
 With the holy Enoch,
 Lot, escaped from Sodom's doom,
 Lauds the King of Jacob.
 Ancient Sarah joins the band,
 And the fair Rebecca,
 Rachel too beholds the land,
 The happy land of Beulah.

5.

Samuel, that holy seer,
 Rises in the Glory ;
 Jonathan will too appear,
 And the tried Naomi :
 Hezekiah hails the King,
 JESUS Christ his Saviour,
 Asa and Josiah sing,
 Praise to our Redeemer !

6.

Mordecai, that faithful Jew,
 Mourning Jeremiah,
 Shout as Israel's tribes they view,
 Owning their Messiah.
 David, Daniel and Isaiah,
 Deborah, Esther, Huldah,
 Rise to meet the Lord in air,
 And hail his kingly banner.

7.

On his right Elijah shines,
 With his son Elisha,
 Zechariah in the lines,
 And the prophet Micah—

All with one accord resound,
 Hail thou King of Zion!—
 Reign to earth's remotest bound,
 Juhah's roused Lion!

8.

All the prophets Ahab slew,
 And the King Manasseh,
 Rise in spotless robes to view,
 Great Jehovah Shammah—
 Isaac on Moriah stands,
 Asking his Redeemer,
 “ Whence those wounds in thy lov'd
 hands,”
 Precious Lamb-like Saviour.—

9.

Hear his answer, O ye Jews,
 “ In the house of Judah,
 I was wounded for their sins,
 Slain near Mount Moriah.”
 Then shall David's house lament,
 As for darling children,
 That Messiah's flesh they rent,
 That they did reject him.—

10.

But he lives to die no more,
 Then they strike the wires,
 Sing his praises o'er and o'er,
 With cherubic fires :
Lives, He lives, the martyrs cry,
Reigns, He reigns, saith Micha'l,
 Then they tune their harps and play,
 The ancient song of Gabriel—

11.

“ Glory be to God on high,
 And on earth his glory,
 For Millennium dawns to-day,
 Glory, glory, glory.”—

SECOND PART.

1.

Near his feet Apostles bend,
 Their Redeemer praising,
 Palms of victory in their hand,
 On their heads his blessing.—
 Next the mother of the Lord,
 Bows to worship Jesus ;
 King of kings, and Mighty God,
 Holy, Great and Gracious.—

2.

Magdalen ! ah happy One !
 See her, see her coming ;
 To her lov'd Redeemer's throne,
 And her lyre tuning,
 T' celebrate his pard'ning love,
 And his matchless power,
 That forever did remove,
 Sins and falses from her.

3.

Nor shall holy Anna fail,
 To appear that morning,
 And repeat the wondrous tale,
 Of the Gospel's dawning.—
 Phebe, Lydia, Dorcas too,
 Elizabeth and Eunice,
 At his feet adoring bow,
 And hail him King most glorious.—

4.

Let me not forget the band,
 Martha, Mary, Lazarus :
 See them coming hand in hand,
 Warbling Shiloh's praises.—

Philip's daughters also rise,
 And the wise Priscilla,
 Welcomes Jesus from the skies,
 Glory, Alleluia.

5.

Tryphena and Tryphosa fair,
 Who labored in his gospel,
 Ring his love in ambient air,
 And his victory Royal.
 Persis, well beloved one,
 And many, many others
 That preach'd the gospel truth at Rome,
 The resurrection gathers.

6.

Ah ! I must not thus pass by,
 Sanctified old Simeon,
 Lord, he pray'd, now let me die,
 I've seen thy great salvation.
 O what rapture ! to behold,
 That babe, the King of Judah—
 Thus the aged priest had told
 The scribes of their Messiah.

7.

O ! I long to see the day
 Of the Saviour's glory ;
 Hark ! he bids me watch and pray,
 And repeat the story—
 How he came at first to die,
 For the chief of sinners,
 Bids me warn them quick to fly,
 Babel's poison'd rivers.

8.

True believers in his Word,
 That fortels Millennium,
 Shall enjoy the smiles of God
 And dwell in new Jerusalem.—
 But despisers of his grace,
 Gaze, admire and perish,
 And forever from his face,
 Unbelievers vanish.

SONG MILLENNIAL.

1.

Restorer of paths that are holy and blest,
 For Jerusalem's daughters to tread ;
 O, hasten to Zion, thy hallowed rest,
 Thou Lamb that on Calvary bled !

2.

The promises sealed by the Amen of God,
 To the children of Jacob, are sure ;
 And the vision that waits, is thy coming, O Lord,
 In person, in glory, and power !

3.

At the end it will speak, and the nations shall hear,
 That have mock'd at Jerusalem's grief ;
 At the sound of the trump, thine elect must appear,
 And behold their Commander-in-chief !

4.

O blessed Redeemer, roll on the blest hour,
 And shorten the terrible days !
 Let Babel the great feel the rod of thy power,
 And perish with dreadful amaze !

5.

Then, then, shall the thousands of Zion's redeemed
 Their loud Alleluia begin ;
 And salvation ascribe to the man who is styled,
 Her Shiloh, her prosperous King.*

6.

Alleluia ! cry David's beatified house,
 Alleluia ! Judah responds,
 As the Ancient of Days, with his heavenly voice,
 Awakens the saints from their tombs.

7.

Manasseh and Ephraim join in the lay,
 And echo from mountain to vale,
 The glory of Israel's Shepherd, and say,
 " Root and offspring of David—All hail ! "

8.

Nor shall Japhet's descendants be silent in death,
 Who prepare for the coming of God ;
 Or the children of Ham, whose every breath,
 In probation was praise to the Lord.

* Psalm xlv. 4.

9.

But haughty despisers of Shiloh's soft stream
 Must drain the deep dregs of his wrath ;
 Their blaspheming tongues they gnaw in dread pain,
 All hopeless of aid or relief.

10.

O Gentiles, be sober, and watch unto prayer,
 Who read this Millennial Song ;
 The oracles search with steadiest care,
 They exhibit the King on his throne.

11.

On the eminent mountain of Zion 'tis set,
 Of Lebanon's cedar compos'd,
 Its pillars are silver, the pavement is blest,
 And the bottom is finest of gold.

12.

Holy angels will gaze on this wonderful throne,
 And expand every beautiful wing,
 Around that dear head, once crowned with thorn,
 And Gabriel's anthem they sing.

“THE DAY IS AT HAND!”

* * * * *

The STAR of Jacob will surely arise,
 When red men watch to ceaseless prayer ;
 My chiefs, my warriors, O ! be wise,
 And trust the Great Spirit's unslumbering care ;
 For sooner shall fail sun, moon and world
 Than Israel be to oblivion hurled.



I clasp the bow of Israel !
 With freedom's lofty sign ;
 My right hand points to the clustered fruit,
 Of Canaan's famous vine.

The arrow lies on my faithful breast,
 And I pray for a chance to go,
 Away from the land where I've no rest,
 But must drink a cup of woe :
 Come *Shilu, the Peace of Israel, come,
 On the rain-bow cloud with seraphs ride,
 And bring thy mournful outcasts home,
 In Zion to rest, thy royal bride :
 O ! †Tarshish ! shall thy favored fleet,
 Be first on the proud salt waves,
 In the time foretold when God's elect
 Shall come from their mystic graves ?



SONG OF TRIUMPH.

1.

On Zion's holy mountain,
 Jesus will sit to reign ;
 He'll walk by Siloam's fountain,
 On Salem's ancient plain :—
 Oh ! Judah, haste to gather,
 In far-famed Palestine,
 And pray for your Messiah
 To come on you to shine !

* Indian term for peace.

† England.

2.

He'll come to Olives' mountain,
 And cleave it east and west,
 His army with him shouting,
 When Israel hails the blest !
 Oh ! how this earth shall tremble,
 Beneath his brassy feet,
 When Jesus binds the Devil,
 And seals him in the pit !

3.

His countenance like lightning,
 His raiment white as snow,
 As when on Tabor shining,
 Apostles saw him so :
 His voice like many waters,
 Calls to the angels loud—
 Gather my sons and daughters,
 Bring "mine elect" to God !

4.

How fleet the gold-winged Seraphs
 Will fly to search this globe,
 To find the Bride of Jesus,
 Elected in his Word !

No forest drear can hide them,
 No tyrant stay their flight ;
 They go to old Jerusalem,
 To kiss the pierced feet !

5.

Ah ! what resplendent glory,
 Beams from the Morning Star,
 As saith prophetic story,
 When Christ goes forth to war,
 Against the wrathful nations
 That dare invade his land,
 And set* “ Abomination ”
 Where Israel’s God must stand !

6.

He’ll bathe his sword in Heaven,.....
 The harlot she must fall,
 To fiery lakes be driven,
 False prophet, beast, and all
 Who’ve scorned the blood on Calvary,
 Blasphemed the Holy Ghost,
 Trampled on offered mercy,
 Are lost—forever lost !

* Daniel xi. 45.

7.

The Resurrection army
 Rejoice as Babel dies,
 And shouts to Jesus, glory,
 Fill Heaven and Earth and Skies ;
 The ancient song of Gabriel
 Sweetly revives again—
 Glory to God, most Holy,
 Peace now on earth will reign.

MILLENNIAL HYMN.

..... The Bright and Morning Star.—Rev. xxii. 16.

1.

Hail ! thou Orb of Holy Day ;
 Fair, illustrious One !
 Sparkle on these eyes of clay,
 Great Millennial Sun !

2.

I gaze, and think upon the hour,
 When eastern Magi viewed,
 The token of thy gospel power,
 And sighed to see the Lord.

3.

I gaze and pray, admire, and love,
 Believing thou wilt come,
 To dress in gold thy mourning Dove,
 And gather Israel home.

4.

Let men with Devils rage and roar,
 Their time will *soon expire* ;
 And he that lives to die no more,
 Will make them feel his ire.



MILLENNIAL HYMN.

1.

Hail ! Messiah's second coming,
 Riding on a brilliant cloud ;
 In the air his banner streaming,
 Hark ! the trumpet sounding loud,
 Wakens saints to meet Him.

2.

Hear his voice, like many waters,
 Sounding o'er the earth abroad,
 Gather now my sons and daughters,
 Mine elect, as saith the Word....
 Martyrs rise to meet Him.

3.

Glorious day ! auspicious meeting,
 Banished seed of Abraham,
 Come with praying, and with weeping,
 To the Lord's Jerusalem,
 Vision of his glory.

4.

Gentiles, who believe the prophets,
 And prepare to meet the King,
 Join to chaunt Millennial sonnets,
 And to harps of God they sing....

Praise to the Lamb on Zion.

“OMNIPRESENCE OF DEITY.”

1.

God is present every where,
 In heaven and earth, in sea and air,
 O'er mountain tops, in valleys low,
 Where the lofty forests bow ;
 In blackest night or noon-day clear,
 God is present every where.

2.

In the dashing torrent's roar,
 Or th' threat'ning tempest's power.....
 In the fragrant breeze of spring,
 With the birds of loftiest wing,
 Sun, and moon, and stars declare,
 God is present every where.

3.

Most delightful is the thought,
 Saints cannot go where God is not
 Present, to guard them by his power,
 In every scene and every hour ;
 Even in death's cold arms they sing,
 Our souls are safe beneath his wing.

A MORNING HYMN

For Indian children.

1.

Will angels condescend
 To join my early song !
 And Christ, my childhood's friend,
 Inspire my heart and tongue,
 To praise his great and glorious name,
 Holy, heavenly, spotless Lamb !

2.

I laid me down and slept,
 Beneath his watchful eye ;
 He hath in safety kept,
 E'en such a child as I ;
 Whose song of praise He'll not disdain,
 Tho' far below his love, the strain.

3.

Thanks be to kindest love,
 That strews along my path,
 Sweet favors from above,
 While loving Jesus saith.....
 My kingdom is of children made,
 Then let them come to me for aid.

4.

His call I would obey,
 Taught by my parents dear ;
 And seek the narrow way,
 With constant humble prayer,.....
 Ere childhood's morning sun is fled,
 And all its blooming flowers are dead.

5.

There is a fairer morn,
 And brighter sun than this ;
 The righteous hail its dawn,
 And share its fadeless bliss.....

That morn is heaven, the Lamb its Sun,
That shines while endless ages run.

6.

O, Jesus, lowly Love !
Bestow on my young heart,
The graces of thy Dove,
And watching power impart ;
That I may be prepared to view,
Thy face with joy and rapture too.



A HYMN

For an awakened Youth.

1.

Great God ! I'm form'd by thy own hand—
I'm placed on earth by thee ;
In youth's unguarded path I stand,—
O Lord ! remember me.

2.

Thou, ere the mountains had their birth,
Review'd my transient day ;
Or ever thou hadst made this earth,
Beheld my youthful way.

O

3.

Thou, when I into being came,
 Pitied my infant cry ;
 Thine eye didst view my tender frame,—
 Thou heard'st my earliest sigh.

4.

By thee preserv'd—by love sustain'd,
 E'en love on Calvary,
 I've been thus far, though I've disdain'd
 The grace bestow'd on me.

5.

My infancy has gone to waste,
 My days of childhood fled,
 While I of grace refused to taste,
 And in my sins was dead.

6.

Now, Lord, thy Gospel's powerful sound,
 Has roused my youthful heart,
 To beat with dread, lest I be found
 Without the better part.

7.

That part so good, by Mary chose,
 Alone can make me blest,
 When in death's grasp these eyes must close,
 And in the grave I rest.

8.

My fears are great, and hope doth flee
 From my despairing breast ;
 Oh ! Jesus, Lord, remember me,—
 Forgive, and I am blest.

9.

Resolv'd I am to seek thy face,
 Till I thy glory see ;
 I pant for all-sufficient grace—
 O Lord ! remember me.

10.

Thy saints who've learned thy truth to speak,
 Say thou wilt pity show
 On mourning youth, whose hearts e'en brake
 Thy pard'ning grace to know.

11.

Now, here I am, I prostrate fall,
 Low at thy feet, O Lord !
 For quick'ning grace, I humbly call,...
 O speak the gracious word.

12.

Say, sinful youth, thy guilt is gone,
 'Tis wash'd away in blood,
 Shed by Jehovah's equal Son—
 Jesus, the Christ of God.

13.

O shall I hear that blissful sound !
 Will it be said of me :
 The dead's alive—the lost is found,
 And Christ remembers me ?

14.

I hope it will—I do believe
 That Jesus for me died ;
 I can a pardon now receive—
 I touch his pierced side.

15.

Now, glory to the Father's name,
 Who gave his only Son,
 To save my soul from sin and shame,
 And bring me to his throne.

16.

And Glory to Emmanuel,
 My heart adores his grace ;
 He saves my soul from death and hell,
 And I shall see his face.

A HYMN

For one who entertains a trembling hope of pardon and acceptance with God.

1.

And am I justified,
By faith in Christ the Lord ?
Do I in his his pure blood confide
And trust his sacred word ?

2.

Is my repentance true,
Toward his righteous law ?
Have I a heart to love him now,
That near his feet will draw ?

3.

If I, indeed, am thus,
And all my sins forgiven,
Redeemed from the fatal curse,
Adopted into Heaven,

4.

I pray that sealing love
May ratify my bliss,
Beyond a doubt, suspense, or fear—
May Jesus say I'm his.

5.

But if I am deceiv'd,
 By a presumptuous hope,
 And my poor soul has rashly lean'd
 Against a carnal prop :—

6.

Lord, break the dang'rous charm,
 And show me all the worst :
 O raise me by thy holy arm,
 Nor let my soul be lost.

7.

I give myself to thee—
 My all to God resign ;
 Oh ! make my heart from error free,
 And seal that heart on thine.

8.

In life I would thee serve,
 With every fleeting breath ;
 And ask for overcoming faith
 To praise thy name in death.

9.

And when the monster's dart,
 Shall break the vital string,
 May I with joy from earth depart,
 And rise, thy love to sing.

10.

To sing the inspired lay,
 Of praise to Jesus' name,
 Who died my weighty debt to pay !
 All glory to the Lamb.

11.

To shout amid the throng,
 In pure and endless lays,
 With golden harp, and Moses' song,
 The Lamb, for ever praise.

TO THE CHILD OF PROSPERITY.

1.

Child of prosperity, is peace thy companion ;
 And does rosy joy thy gay temples adorn ?
 Does permanent pleasure reside in thy mansion,
 Which gold doth assist thee with pomp to adorn ?

2.

Does the Gospel's pure witness find repose in thy
 bosom —
 Emmanuel's love pave thy path to the grave ?
 Art thou borne to his presence by time's rapid
 motion ! —
 Ah ! dost thou devoutly implore him to save ?

3.

To save thee from sinking in unbelief's ocean,
 O children of pleasure, my Jesus hath bled ;
 Then pause in your mirth, and behold your condition,
 Examine the spirit by which you are led.

4.

In death's awful hour, when nature is sinking,
 The world's gaudy treasures will charm you no
 more ;
 Each airy idea which in health you are drinking,
 Is wasted, and fancy her reign must give o'er.

5.

'Tis the Gospel alone that doth wave the white
 banner,
 Of lasting delight, and unsullied joy ;
 In sickness and health, 'tis the only sure treasure,
 Which death's marble hand is too weak to de-
 stroy.

6.

O slight not the calls of Omnipotent mercy,
 That warns you to flee from the wrath that's to
 come !
 Fly, fly to the mountain, where Jesus in pity,
 In agony died to avert your sad doom !

7.

He calls by his word and he woos by his spirit,
 His servants and handmaids invite you to come,
 And sit at his feet, that you may inherit
 In heaven a bright incorruptible crown.

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

1.

I am going home,
 I am going home,
 My glass of life will soon be run,
 And all my toil on earth be done—
 I hope to reach Jerusalem,
 The city from the skies.

2.

My Saviour dear,
 Will soon appear,
 To take me from this world of sin,
 He'll say, poor wand'rer, enter in,
 To everlasting rest with him,
 Who died thy soul to save.

3.

Ye saints of God,
 Who love his word,
 We soon shall meet to part no more,
 When life's dull pilgrimage is o'er,
 And victory shout on Canaan's shore,
 With harps of purest gold.

4.

Poor sinners, come,
 And seek a home,
 A peaceful home in Jesus' breast ;
 Who spent his life, to give you rest—
 Come lay your hand on his dear vest--
 O ! dying sinners, come.

5.

How can you stay,
 In that curst way,
 That leads you down to endless woe ?
 Your Saviour calls—poor sinners, go,
 And weeping, ask that you may know
 The way to realms of bliss.

6.

You soon must die,
 Your souls will fly

Away, afar from earthly joys,
 And bid farewell to painted toys,
 When God shall sound his awful voice,
 Death makes you all his prey.

Search the Scriptures ; for in them ye think ye have eternal life ; and they are they that testify of me.—*Jesus Christ.*

Yea, Holy Jesus ! in the sacred page,
 Thy testimony rings from age to age ;
 Of Thee did Moses write, and prophets sing,
 Their glorious Antitype, their heavenly King—
 Thy Advent first to suffer, love to die,
 Thy resurrection and ascent on high ;
 Thy Mediatorship at God's right hand,
 Thy second coming to the holy land ;
 Thy reign, Millennial ! O, the rapturous sound !
 When saints are glorified, and satan bound—
 And last of all, thy solemn judgment seat,
 Where small and great, where Greek and Jew
 must meet :
 Who wake not in the resurrection first,
 Must then awake, and meet their Judge, the Just !

• • • • • • • • • • • • •

Ye Indians ! who can read, the WORD obey
 And search the holy records day by day ;

Praying that scales and beams may leave your eyes,

That you may see by faith, by faith may rise,
On eagles wings, to hail the approaching hour,
When Christ shall come in majesty and power ;
For come He will, and soon his cloudy car,
Will sweep the heavens of every glittering star ;
His presence shame the sun, confound the moon,*
While round his brow there shines eternal noon.

Glory of glories, light of lights is he,
Who once hung bleeding on the accursed tree—
The Prince of princes, King of kings, Most High,
Riding in majesty along the sky.

His sacred feet on Olives' mount shall stand,
Surrounded by his host, a heavenly band ;—
Judah shall bow, with Israel, and confess,
This is the Lord our peace and righteousness.—
And Gentiles who have feared his holy name,
Shall in the Lion see the suffering Lamb.

Hasten, O Jesus, the auspicious day,
Unfurl thy banner, and thy power display—
Come, reign in Ariel, sit on David's throne,
And let there be One Lord, his Name be One.

 NOTICE

To all persons who may take in hand "THE HARP OF ISRAEL," by H. Livermore.

I have dedicated this humble Memorial of my devoted attachment to the afflicted Aborigines of America, unto my compassionate, merciful, and gracious Redeemer, believing that I am an object of his tender pity ; for I *fear his NAME, and desire his glory.

I have published these effusions, at this time, to bear witness for me, that I pant to comfort the Lord's outcasts, in their desolate state ; and I shall exert all my feeble powers, if I am spared long enough, to have this Harp placed in the hands of my far distant brethren, the mysterious children of the forest, hoping they will accept it in love, and pray for their pilgrim sister in the bonds of Israel, and in the Lord.

I have no apology to present for the rude surface of my hymns : that is, their lack of poetical genius and regular system ; for it never was my

* See Psalm ciii.

aim to dazzle the human mind, or to set people to wonder after an animal—but to exhibit Truth, in her simplicity ; and especially to vindicate literal Bible prophecy, as destined to elicit all that “is written” of Judgment, Mercy and Glory in its fulfilment, &c. in its perfect accomplishment, when Restitution is made to God, by the Man of his right hand, Jesus Christ, the Lord.

I have taken a copy-right of this Book, with a view to shelter the Harp, in my own fearless breast, should it become an object of dislike, &c. &c. &c.

I am the inditer of the whole of these pages, except the Specimens of Languages—and have not designedly copied after any Hymn-writer.

I now conclude ; giving the Harp of Israel leave to wander far and wide, bearing on every string the sacred Name, the dying love, and saving Grace of JESUS CHRIST, the Holy One of Israel.

Amen—Amen—Amen.

SPECIMENS

In favor of presumptive evidence concerning the Indian languages, that they are precious remains of the original, pure Hebrew, as spoken by the Lord in time past, unto the fathers.

Jesus said "Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost."

<i>English.</i>	<i>Indian.</i>	<i>Hebrew.</i>
Jehovah	Yohewah	Jehovah
GOD	ALE	Ale-Aleim
Jah	Yab	Jab
Shiloh	Shilu	Shiloh
Heavens	Chemim	Shemim
Father	Abba	Abba
Man	Ish Ishte	Ish
Woman	Ishto	Ishto
Wife	Awah	Eweh-Eve
Thou	Keah	Ka
His wife	Liane	Lihne
This man	Uwoh	Huah
Nose	Nichiri	Neheri
Roof of a house	Taubana-ora	Delonaowe
Winter	Kora	Cora
Canaan	Canaai	Canaan
To pray	Phale	Phalac
Now	Na	Na
Hind part	Kesh	Kish
Do	Jennais	Jannon
To blow	Phaubac	Phauhe
Rushing wind	Rowah	Ruach
Arrarat; or high mount	Arrarat	Arrarat

PHRASES.

<i>English.</i>	<i>Indian.</i>	<i>Hebrew.</i>
Very hot	Heru hara; or hala	Hara hara
Praise to the first } cause }	Halleluwah	Hallelujah
Give me food	Natoni toman	Nationi bamen
Go thy way	Bayou boorkaa	Boua bouak
Good be to you	Halea tobou	Ye hali ettou boa
I am sick	Nane guaete	Nance heti

Authorities for the above, as well as other evidences in favor of my sentiments—H. L.

*Doctor Jonathan Edwards, son of President Edwards.

*Honorable Elias Boudinott, L. L. D.

Messrs. Lack and Escarbotus.

Doctor Williams, Vermont.

†James Adair, Esq.

* * * * *

Mr. Adair and Doctor Edwards, both expressed their entire conviction, that the Indian languages are from the Hebrew. The latter observes, that “their pronouns as well as their nouns, are manifestly Hebrew;” and the former notes the laconic, bold and commanding figures of speech, used by the Indians, as exactly agreeing with the Hebrew language. Mr. Adair remarks also, that “having lived forty years among them, he obtained such knowledge of the Hebrew idiom of their language, that he viewed the event of their having for more than two millenaries, and without the aid of literature, preserved their Hebrew language so pure, to be but little short of a miracle.”

It is interesting to consider, that Dr. Edwards and Mr. Adair are two efficient witnesses for the afflicted Indians, that they are of high consequence in the sight of God, being the only people in the world, known at this day, whose vernacular tongue resembles the holy language; for I dare to assert, that “Yehowah” is the very original term for that Great Name, styled in modern Hebrew, Jehovah, which is used also in the English pronunciation,

* Deceased.

† Mr. Adair lived with the Indians more than forty years.

HO! LAND



Of the overshadowing wing ; that lieth beyond the rivers of
Cush ; that sendeth her ambassadors by sea, in

Steamboats,

rushing upon the face of the waters, saying, Go ye to a people
scattered and pealed ; to a people terrible from this time and
henceforward ;

A Nation

meted out and trodden down, whose land the rivers have spoiled.

The Holy Scriptures exhibit a sovereign election of Jacob and Israel, to be a peculiar people of the Supreme Jehovah, whose will is omnipotent, and his counsels everlasting. This election was primarily announced as a free reward for the “obedience of faith,” when to the noble Chaldean that word came “out of Heaven;” “By myself have I sworn, saith the Lord, because thou hast obeyed my voice, &c.

“That in blessing, I will bless thee,
And in multiplying I will multiply
Thy seed as the stars of heaven ;
And as the sand on the sea shore ;
And thy seed shall possess
The gate of his enemies.”

The election of Jacob and Israel, by the God of Abraham, and the “fear of Isaac,” had also the oath of Jehovah for its confirmation, through the prophetic blessing of the elect son of faithful Abraham, who is called “the friend of God;” therefore, the Holy Ghost saith,

“He hath remembered his covenant forever,
 The word which he commanded to a thousand generations :
 Which covenant he made with Abraham,
 And his oath unto Isaac,
 And confirmed the same unto Jacob
 For a law :
 And to Israel,
 For an everlasting covenant,
 Saying, unto thee will I give the land of Canaan,
 The lot of your inheritance.”

The Lord Jesus Christ virtually owned himself to be the Messenger of this covenant and election of grace ; and is declared by Paul, “a minister of the circumcision for the truth of God, to confirm the promises made unto the fathers ;” To the woman of Canaan, the Blessed One said, “I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel.”

The promise to Israel is of grace ; and has no connection with the law, as a covenant of works under the first dispensation of a written Word ; therefore Sinai shall thunder no more in the ears of the elect, when Judgment returns unto righteousness ; for Israel is removed to mount Zion, and sealed unto holiness and eternal life in the presence of the Lamb, at that season, when the enemies of God and his people are calling on rocks and mountains, to hide them from his wrath and vengeance :

To Israel, as a distinct congregation, "pertaineth the (latter day) adoption," "and the glory," "and the covenants," "and the *perfect* service of God," when "Holiness to the Lord shall ring in the bells of the horses," and shall be written upon every vessel in the new and hallowed temple, and be visible upon every sacrifice offered up to his Holy Name.

I appeal to the oracles of the Most high God, for the validity of my testimony, in thus carrying forward to the time called Millennium, a full and actual performance of his "promises to the fathers," in an absolute and unconditional (as to Sinai) election of Israel, unto "glory and virtue," as happy witnesses to the immutability of the covenant, Jehovah made with their fathers, centuries prior to Moses' day. Nothing need be plainer than Paul's testimony to the election of his nation in the latter days, when "out of Zion shall come the Deliverer, who shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob; for this is my covenant unto them, saith the Lord, when I shall take away their sins; "for the gifts and calling of God are without repentance." And Paul adds, that all Israel shall be saved!"*

"O! the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!"

With the sacred election of Israel, by the grace of God, unto the glory of the purchased possession by Jesus Christ, there can be no controversy, except the literal words of God, as written by prophets, evangelists and apostles, be rejected; or

* Romans xi.

retained but as fables and allegories. Let the human mind submit to the dictates of conscience, and bend to the “sure word of prophecy, taking heed thereto as unto a candle that shineth in a dark place;” waiting upon God as a servant waiteth for his master’s direction, and asking for instruction like a humble child. I know that Jesus Christ will readily show to such the truth of the matter, even that his mission to suffer was intended to prepare the way for his advent to glory, in the times of restitution to God, of all things spoken of by the mouth of holy prophets, (under influence of the Holy Ghost,) since the prophetic world began;—and that his glorious epiphany, his second coming in person, and glorious power, is in the character and style of Redeemer, Deliverer, and Shepherd of the long lost, outcast, driven out, and (otherwise) hopeless and divorced Israel, who have wandered from sea to sea, and from land to land, for more than two thousand years.

I now appeal to the words of holy writ, and to “the signs of the times,” if this glorious “election day,” is not now very nigh at hand !

I ask, Do not the heavens and the earth give tokens, that the end of all things (now present) is at hand ?

Few persons have now the hardihood to deny, that through the whole world, there are signs of an approaching revolution, that must form a crisis far greater than has ever been witnessed, since the destruction of the old world by a flood.—It is true, there is but very little, if any sterling faith, among the two hundred millions of people that yet profess

to retain the knowledge of the only true God ; for man has ever been sinking lower and deeper in sin ever since he fell.—Sure enough, as the tree fell in Eden, so it lies, and will, till the Anointed comes again, and binds the old serpent, man's infernal foe !

But truth will rise out of the earth yet ; and the Day, the Great Day is at hand, the day of vengeance of a holy God, which brings forward a very solemn consideration to our view—viz.

The Supreme Existence, who appeared to Abraham in Haran and Mamre, afterward appeared to Isaac, and then to Jacob, and pronounced upon each and all of them, the blessing which is above and beyond all probation of law, whether of faith or of works ; for it is the overflowing, and overplus of everlasting, and unchangeable Love, no merit in question, no reason given ; only “ Jacob have I loved :” I request to know, is there one sentence in all the Holy Book, which can be made to represent a revocation of the perpetuity of this blessing upon the seed of Israel, when the times of restitution appear ?

I know it is impossible to discover such a blot upon the sublime page of God's decrees—no. He will punish his people ; and he will avenge them too ; but God hath not cast away Israel forever !

To this covenant of blessing in the latter days, Moses referred, when he wrote the 33d chapter of Deuteronomy, and Paul recognised the same when he declared, that “ by two immutable things, in which it is impossible for God to lie,” there is strong consolation for gospel believers—1st, the Promise, 2d, the Oath of God !

To Abraham--to Jacob--to Moses; and to all the tribes of Israel, Jehovah has appeared, and named himself the God of Abraham--of Isaac--and of Jacob, upon the ground of election, the election of grace, according to his sovereign will, which decides, that in the latter days, "*I will be their God; and they shall be my people!*"

In the divine order and purpose of God, the whole of his sacred words must be fulfilled, and accomplished; even the words of holy prophecy, relating to general restitution, of which the salvation of Israel is a prime object of *decree*, as well as of desire, with God and the Lamb. Of course, the blessing of Abraham revives immediately on the opening of the Judgment of the quick, at the second advent of Jesus Christ the Lord; viz. "*I will bless them that bless thee; and I will curse him that curseth thee!*"

Impelled by the influence of a Spirit which moves upon my mind, day and night, and constantly warns me to prepare to meet my God, I declare to the Rulers of the people of this land, that the declaration of God to Abraham, more than three thousand years ago, is received at this eventful period, and by the Spirit of truth is addressed to every INDIAN, that prays to the Great and Mighty One!

Yea--the Indians are Israel: they are "*beloved for the fathers sakes;*" and even in their present outcast state, are the "*vineyard of red wine,*" watched by Jehovah every moment."

If you demand of me, to give you my authority for these sayings, I tell you--CONSCIENCE--and

I ask you, shall man dare to judge that portion of my being, which is quickened by the Infinite God?

My conscience then, bearing witness to the Indian tribes, that they are "lost Israel," and likewise to the history of the ten tribes, and the prophecies which concern them, found upon the sacred records of God, I solemnly, (as in the presence of my everlasting Judge, referring my act, at this moment, to his eye and care,) I solemnly declare, that I am authorized to say—

Blessed are they that bless the Indians; and cursed is he who curseth the Indians!!

If these words come from God, they will stand. Amen, and Amen.

Now "every heart knoweth its own bitterness :" also—a wounded bird always flutters—therefore, let no personal affront be taken.

I appeal to conscience in every man of you, Is not the sound of the Great Master's feet with my testimony? Have not all of you been admonished by a still small voice, that the mysterious red people, whose "lives are given them for a prey," are descendants of the Great Wrestler, and *prevalent Prince with God?

Let it be understood, that the whole land of the overshadowing wing (Rulers and people) are notified by this testimony; and solemnly warned of the danger, and the destruction sure to follow all the enemies, and despisers, and opposers of the outcast, afflicted, benighted, and severely chastised

ABORIGINES of America!!!

* Israel.

I would not make these assertions, but upon sacred authority, even the testimony of "a conscience purified by the blood of Jesus," who is my Saviour, my Redeemer, my Law-giver, Shepherd, and everlasting Judge !

The cry of "crazy woman"—"fanatic"—or of "delusion," "enthusiasm and madness," will not move me, I humbly trust, from my purpose, to blow the trumpet—to sound the alarm—and shout aloud—

"Ho Land ! Woe Land of the overspreading wing."—Send the "Harp of Israel to the poor Indians;" and beware of Balak's spirit—and Balaam's folly !

"Behold the day of the Lord cometh ; it hasteth greatly"—a day of trouble—of alarm—of tempest—of great heats—and of great frosts—of sore famines—wars—pestilences—noisome beasts—awful delusions ! and horrid desolations !

"Be wise, O ye rulers!—be instructed ye judges of the earth :"—

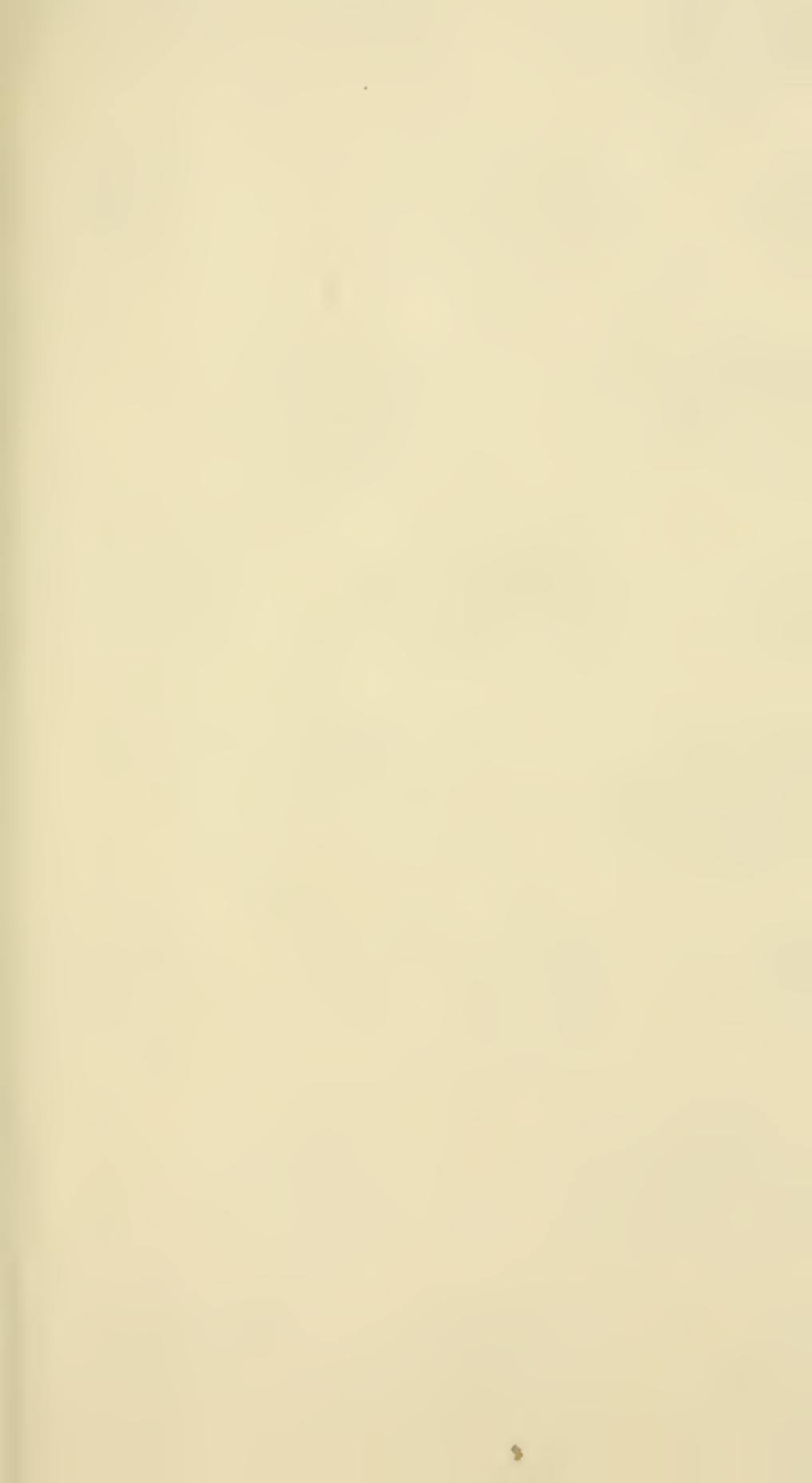
PREPARE TO MEET YOUR GOD!!!

HARRIET LIVERMORE.



THE END.

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